The Outlook

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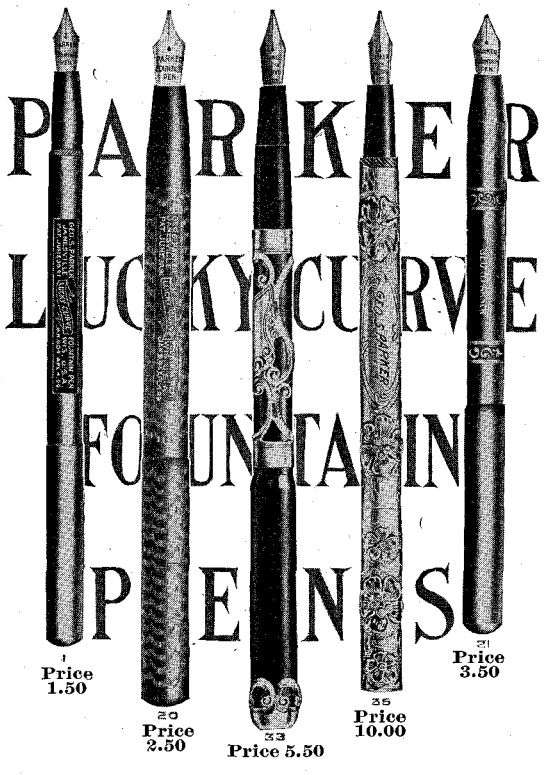

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

❀

Farms and Battle-ships

Mr. James J. Hill is more than a notably influential railway president. He is also a forceful economist. In the December Century he submits the attractive proposition that, based on equality of cost, a system of model farms would be a better investment for the Nation than a battleship or a couple of cruisers. Admitting that farming enterprises of this nature fall within the domain of the individual States, he rightly declares that Federal operation is to be preferred because the Federal Government already operates "a machine of wide scope and considerable efficiency, dealing with similar needs, though in less practical ways." Coincidently with Mr. Hill's article, a description of the increasingly practical ways of this machine appeared last week in the tenth annual report of the Hon. James Wilson, our efficient Secretary of Agriculture. During the past twelvemonth twenty-five crops not previously reported have been added to the work of his Bureau of Statistics. The investigations of the Bureau of Chemistry have included, among other features, the examination of eight hundred samples of butter to see if they complied with legal requirements, and of over fifty-seven hundred samples of imported food-products; as a result of the hundreds of drug samples examined, many orders were issued by the Post-Office Department forbidding the use of the mails for the samples found fraudulent. The Bureau of Plant Industry has discovered the existence of an alfalfa native to the dry steppes of Siberia, and able to withstand a temperature of forty degrees below zero. This discovery may, we surmise, mark an epoch in the agriculture of our Northwest prairie regions. After referring to the measures recently passed by Congress correcting the inadequacy of laws under which the Department had to carry on its meat and other food inspection, Mr. Wilson chronicles the progress made in applying the Forest Reserve policy—the Forestry service now being appropriately under the Department of Agriculture and no longer under that of the Interior. It is a satisfaction to note that our National forest reserve area exceeds a hundred million acres. But a more striking fact is that the Government's revenue from the reserves last year was nearly $800,000, as against about $60,000 for the preceding twelvemonth. The year's value of all the agricultural products of the country reaches almost $6,800,000,000, an increase of nearly half a billion dollars. We should take it into consideration, however, that the high level in the general price average has raised the total crop value, as compared with 1905. In exports the farm still overshadows the mill and factory. During the past fiscal year we sent out the largest amount ever reached by agricultural exports from this or any other country.

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The Education of the Farmer

Satisfactory as is all this, it is not satisfactory enough. As Mr. Hill says, the average farmer follows his occupation according to tradition and habit, being still prone to work unsystematically and even superficially. While agricultural education has been promoted through co-operation with experimental stations and colleges, it should be more broadly diffused. First of all, as Mr. Wilson recommends, we should establish agricultural high schools to do for country industries what is being done by instruction for urban industries. Secondly, in line with Mr. Hill's recommendation, there should be established, wherever possible, National model farms, of, say, from thirty to forty acres, conducted by experts, to show to agriculturists

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of the surrounding neighborhood what they could and should do. The farmers will quickly appreciate and avail themselves of advantages illustrated by a model farm, conforming, as Mr. Hill says, in treatment of the soil, assignments to different crops, and in methods of culture, to approved practices of scientific investigation and experience—a farm on which tracts might be set off for crops—hay, pasture grass, oats, corn, wheat, for instance—in due rotation, so that each field should grow all the different crops in its turn; the remainder could be divided into smaller plots devoted to rye, barley, potatoes, fodder corn, garden and forage plants, also with a judicious system of rotation. Such a farm would carry some cattle, hogs, and poultry, together with the horses required for working it. Finally, fertilization, drainage, and irrigation needs might also be considered on it. Thus the farmers of a county could see by this experiment their own daily work enriched by those methods which the world's experience has shown to give the maximum agricultural product for a given quantity of labor without subtracting aught from the soil's potential value. With Mr. Hill, The Outlook believes that such an example would greatly add to the total bulk of farm products, and these must always constitute the principal element of our National wealth.

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Putting the Cost on Stockholders

A singular situation as regards the payment of fines inflicted on railway officials for violations of the Inter-State Commerce Law was lately brought to notice in Chicago by one of the Commissioners, Mr. Franklin K. Lane. About six months ago the First Vice-President and the Foreign Freight Traffic Agent of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road were each fined $10,000 for wrongful rebating, while a fine of $40,000 was imposed upon the company itself. Evidence lately taken showed that all of these fines were paid out of the funds of the company and were charged up against freight earnings. Thus the stockholders not only pay for the wrong-doing of the company as a whole, but pay the fines of individual officers whose duty it was to obey the law, and who have deliberately disobeyed it. No doubt these officials would say that they acted in what they believed to be the financial interest of the company, and therefore of the stockholders, but (to look at the matter from the sordid side only) in view of the enormous sums which may be imposed as fines for repeated single violations of the law, stockholders may well object to being made responsible financially for the illegal acts of individuals which they have never authorized. Mr. Lane declared that he thought that directors were stretching their authority in ordering such payments, however broad their general powers may be. Punishing officials, if their fines are to go on the freight account, would be directly fining stockholders and indirectly mulcting shippers, for rates would be adjusted to make the freight account profitable, fines and all. The Inter-State Commission cannot interfere as between convicted officials and their stockholders, but the latter have a right to demand repayment if they choose, and (what is more practical and important) a very warm personal interest in seeing that directors, their agents and trustees, do not break the law.

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Another Railway Horror

On Thanksgiving Day, near Lynchburg, Virginia, an express train on the Southern Railway crashed into the private car of Samuel Spencer, President of the road. The car was attached to the rear of a train stalled for repairs—a coupling had broken and the train had parted. The engineer returned to reattach the cars and a flagman went further back to signal an oncoming express running at high speed. The first express was two hours late, without counting the coupler break. The second train rushed into sight before it could be flagged in time to prevent a collision. Mr. Spencer and his guests, General Philip Schuyler, of New York, and Messrs. F. T. Redwood and C. D. Fisher, prominent Baltimoreans, together with three other persons, were killed. Nine persons were injured, several of whom

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may die. The blame rests with one or both of the signal operators at the block telegraph station, four miles from the scene of the wreck: the first operator let the second train through before the first train had cleared the block; the second operator, according to the first operator, did not reply to the latter's repeated signals. The supposed additional security of a flagman's signal would be unnecessary if operators did their duty. One would like to know how many hours these particular operators had been at work; it might have pertinent bearing upon the necessity for a law limiting the hours of railway employees' labor. The tragedy need not have occurred had the first train been on schedule time, or had the road been provided with an adequate safety appliance system. The event calls attention to both defects. The first has long been notable in the South, this very railway having been a notable offender, and has led State Railway Commissions to ask for more power to compel the roads to better their connections. The complaint caused by late trains has special point when we realize that those dependent upon them for mail receive it from four to twenty-four hours behind time. Under these circumstances it is natural to ask that the carriers, paid by the Federal Government for this service, shall discharge it acceptably.

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Will Not Congress Act

Though conditions have been somewhat improved by the introduction of automatic block signal telegraphy on a few roads, the lack of safety appliances is alarmingly evident. The manager of a great English railway who finished a short visit to America last week said just before leaving, "Since I have been here ten persons were killed in one wreck, fifty in another, and now seven in the last. Your accidents make a stir in the papers for a day or two, but then seem to be forgotten. Many of them might be prevented by our system. We never allow two trains to be on the same section at the same time." An English engineer cannot enter a stretch of single-track road until he has received a key or "staff" from an electrical apparatus, and is thus entitled to the exclusive use of the track to the next key station. The block signals are moved automatically by inserting or removing the staff, which can be done without stopping the trains, just as our mail-sacks are swiftly swept into a moving car. But trains, whether on single or double track, should never be left to the responsibility of human frailty. The automatic block break now in use in the New York City Subway would seem the best of all arrangements if conditions of weather do not interfere. At all events, now that the chief victim to the prevailing conditions of safety on the Southern Railway, with its seven thousand miles of track, is the President of that company himself, the lesson to other equally responsible carriers and to the people may be the sharper. But if our railways cannot or will not act as they should in protecting human life, Congress must. The representatives of the people should insist that a new Bureau shall be established in the Department of Commerce to investigate impartially every accident occurring on an inter-State railway, and to prescribe remedies in the direction of automatic safety. Englishmen enjoy the benefit of certain safety appliances and the Bureau of Railway Accidents, both of which we lack. Why should not American civilization equal theirs? In legislation affecting the railways we have insured proper governmental control of rates. But we have apparently forgotten a far more elemental duty—the proper governmental control over and protection of human life itself.

❀

Samuel Spencer

It is a long time since a railway disaster has found a victim so distinguished in the field of railway work as Mr. Spencer. Never, probably, has it removed from life a more kindly and delightful man. So large a place did Mr. Spencer fill, not only in the world of affairs, but in the hearts of a host of friends, that his sudden taking off will be to many an impoverishment of life. He was in many respects the foremost man of the New South in the business world. He was born in Columbus, Georgia. Just

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before the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Spencer spent a year at the Georgia Military Institute. He was a mere boy when he shouldered his father's musket and volunteered in an independent company of Confederate cavalry operating on scout duty. Later he joined General Forrest's cavalry troop, and still later he was under General Hood in the campaign about Nashville. When the war closed, the young soldier, who had shown his gallantry in many ways, resumed his education and took a course of civil engineering at the University of Georgia, graduating from that institution in 1867. Two years later he finished another course at the head of his class at the University of Virginia. The first opportunity that came to hand was a place as rodman on a railway survey. His energy and ability immediately attracted attention. He was soon a leveler, then a transit man, then resident engineer, and finally first assistant engineer to the road. In the meantime he had studied the situation and foresaw the great opportunities for railway development in the South. In order to fit himself for the future which he saw before him, he went into the office of the Superintendent of the New Jersey Southern Railway. In December, 1872, he entered the employment of the Baltimore and Ohio road, and became assistant supervisor of trains on the first division. A few months later he was supervisor in chief. He then became superintendent of transportation on the Virginia Midland, and later Superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. In 1879 this remarkable education, combined with his equally remarkable ability, made him assistant to the President of the Baltimore and Ohio. Two years later he had become Third Vice-President, and on the retirement of Mr. Garrett succeeded him as President of the Baltimore and Ohio road. Under his skillful management the affairs of the road immediately began to prosper; and the sagacity and energy of its President brought him into the front rank of railway executives, and eventually into membership with the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co. During the following five years he was reorganizing mismanaged railway properties, most of them in the Southern States. In 1894 he was elected President of the Southern Railway Company. Under his direction that system increased its mileage from 4,000 to over 7,000. Mr. Spencer was also a member of the Rapid Transit Commission from 1891 to 1893, and of the commission which designed the present Brooklyn Bridge terminals. He was at the time of his death one of the first authorities in the country on railway matters and economic questions; for he was a student, a thinker, and an admirably clear writer. His career was one of the achievements of the New South; and he was a representative of all that was best in the Southern character and mind. His tragic death really resulted from the success of his own achievements; for he had enormously increased the volume of traffic of his road without being able at the same time proportionally to improve its physical condition, a condition to which the fatal accident is directly ascribable.

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Our Western Waterways

At the Trans-Mississippi Congress lately held at Kansas City and at a Deep-Water Convention preceding it at St. Louis the need of better waterways for transportation of the West's products received much attention. The West is waking up to the benefits conferred by having more than one outlet for the freight traffic connected with the production of vast stores of raw material. Once the Western rivers were utilized by scores of freight steamers; now few are seen. When a freight boat made the trip from St. Louis to Kansas City a few weeks ago, it enjoyed a triumphal passage, for it was the first to complete the course in a dozen years. Efforts to establish a fleet of boats on the Missouri are engaging the attention of cities along that once busy stream. The boat traffic of the upper Mississippi is having a revival, and St. Louis is determined to bring about such a condition in the lower Mississippi as shall make that city practically a deep-water port, and also aspires to deep-water connection with the Great Lakes. Despite the enormous expenditures of the Government during the past

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two decades, the carrying trade of the Western waterways has steadily decreased until it is less than half its former proportions. In consequence, any effect it might once have had in regulating railway rates is lost. It is to bring about such influence that the West is endeavoring to re-establish the steamboating days of pioneer times. It is precisely the same theory as influenced the State of New York to widen and deepen the Erie Canal at tremendous expense, only in this instance the West wants the whole Nation to pay the bill. It is probable that it will take something more than deep water to bring about a permanent resumption of river navigation on inland streams. It is a seven-day trip for freight from St. Louis to Kansas City by boat; twelve hours by rail. No matter what the opportunity, it will have to be sustained by public sentiment and organization before any noticeable effect can be seen in the freight traffic movement. If the Gulf outlet becomes sufficiently attractive for the export trade, the rivers may be utilized for certain kinds of freight; but with trunk railway lines increasing in number, it is scarcely probable that the hopes of the river traffic enthusiasts will be fully realized.

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Organized Labor and the Farmers

The American Federation of Labor and the American Society of Equity have joined hands in a fraternal alliance. The former represents the organized wage-earners of the country, and aims to regulate wages and working conditions by controlling the supply of labor. The latter represents the organized farmers, and aims to regulate the price of farm products by holding back the supply. Both organizations have expressed their contempt for the law of supply and demand. The newly formed alliance consists of a mutual pledge that each side, as far as possible, shall use the products of the other side to the exclusion of all producers not in the alliance. Impracticable as this scheme may appear at first glance, there are hard-thinking men on both sides who believe that it is an epoch-making event. That the spirit of organization has taken a strong hold among the farmers there is no doubt. The American Society of Equity has a membership now of 268,000, and it is growing rapidly. This membership is scattered principally throughout Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Nebraska, with some members in Kansas, Oklahoma, and Michigan. In the Southwest the farmers have a strong union, especially in Texas, working on the same lines, although independent of the American Society of Equity. In the State of Texas alone there are 160,000 organized farmers, who maintain their own warehouses in distributing centers where they store their cotton and hold it until they can get what they believe to be a fair remunerative price for it. The farmers in Texas have for two years been working in harmony with the labor unions there, exchanging fraternal delegates and jointly maintaining a lobby at Austin during sessions of the State Legislature. They have pooled their interests and demanded legislation in the interests of both. Plans are now being discussed for bringing about an amalgamation of the unions of farmers in the Southwest with those in the States already mentioned. The importance of such a movement can hardly be overestimated. The plan of the farmers, as outlined by their representatives who attended the Convention of the American Federation of Labor at Minneapolis, is to eliminate the board of trade speculator and the commission merchant, and sell direct to the consumer. They pointed out that the farmer gets twenty-five cents a bushel for apples, not enough to pay him for the labor of picking them, while the same apples are sold to the consumer in the large cities for as much a peck. The commission merchant, they assert, pockets the difference. Other products of the farm and orchard are bought from the producer and sold to the consumer at like disproportionate prices. The farmers maintain that no man has a right to set a price on a product except he who produces it and he who consumes it. Any other man who attempts to make a profit off the transaction, the farmers say, is a "parasite" and a "speculator." Realizing the futility

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of attempting to control the supply of farm and orchard products without a perfect organization, the farmers are at present bending their energies to bring non-members into the fold. Before asking the assistance of organized labor they gave the matter long and serious consideration. The President of the American Society of Equity, James A. Everett, and the Secretary, M. W. Tubbs, both of Indianapolis, had serious misgivings about letting the public know of their plans at this time. The radical labor unions stand for many things which the conservative farmer does not approve of. But the radical element in the Farmers' Convention in East St. Louis last October won the fight, and nine delegates were sent to the Convention of the American Federation of Labor.

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What the Alliance Means to Unions

What does the alliance mean to the organized workers? The farmers are the principal consumers of the products manufactured by union labor. The manufacture of harvesting machinery is controlled by a trust which has defied the efforts of organizers to unionize its factories. Farm implements are now made largely by non-union labor. In the city of Batavia, Illinois, there are four immense factories engaged in the manufacture of farm implements and machinery. The unions in 1902 succeeded in organizing the plants and placed them on a nine-hour work-day basis. The following year the manufacturers formed an association and shut their plants down. They broke the unions up and returned to a ten-hour work-day. The product of the leather workers on horse goods is consumed almost entirely by the farmers. There has never been a demand for a union label on such products, and the leather workers have had difficulty in maintaining an organization. The horseshoers are well organized in large industrial centers, where they have had the assistance of the teamsters and other crafts, but in the smaller towns and agricultural districts they have found it impossible to organize. There has been no demand for their stamp among the farmers. The garment workers and boot and shoe workers have succeeded in creating a demand for their label in the cities, but have found it impossible to gain a foothold in the houses that supply the country trade exclusively. So has it been with every labor union that depends for its success on the demand for union-labeled products. Another phase of the subject which has not been overlooked by the trade-unionists is that in all industrial disputes the city manufacturers have invariably filled their factories with laborers recruited in the agricultural districts. The young farmers, drawn into the cities by the prospects of large wages, have willingly lent themselves as strike-breakers. With a strong bond of sympathy and the exchange of fraternal delegates between the unions and the farmers, this competition will be removed. But perhaps the most important phase of the new alliance is the political phase. The American Federation of Labor has gone into the political arena and intends to remain there, and hopes to make its influence more felt in the future. In the United States there are approximately 3,000,000 organized workers, two-thirds of whom belong to the American Federation of Labor. There are about 8,000,000 farmers. The total vote in the United States is less than 15,000,000. It is not to be expected that the radical trade-unionists and the conservative farmers will vote unitedly on any subject, but those familiar with the beginning of the People's party movement in Kansas in the early '90s have some idea of what the farmers can do politically once they are aroused. In one State election there a Republican majority of some 40,000 was turned into a minority. The present movement is much more comprehensive. How long will the farmers remain conservative when they are brought into close contact with the most radical elements in our democracy?

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A Political Intelligence Bureau

New York City is trying an experiment in municipal government that in its simplicity and effectiveness should commend itself to all graft-

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burdened cities. It is the recently established Bureau of City Betterment, the object of which is to secure greater efficiency in city administration through publicity of city affairs. The Bureau is entirely unofficial, and, in fact, is designed to act as a check on official acts. Its organization consists of voluntary committees of citizens in each of the thirty-five assembly districts of the city, one committee on every branch of municipal activity, tenement-houses, paving, health, water, street railways, etc. Taking advantage of the organization which the Citizens' Union had for political purposes, the Bureau, which was an outgrowth of the Citizens' Union, had already for social purposes a splendid nucleus of public-spirited citizens from which to form the committees. The work of these committees is centralized in the office of the Bureau at 254 Fourth Avenue. Each member is a volunteer for civic betterment, there being only four paid workers employed and these at the headquarters. The idea is thus to secure a cumulative mass of data covering the whole city which can be presented as an irresistible demand for reform of whatever abuses are discovered, instead of isolated cases of mismanagement scattered over a wide area and time, and thus losing much of the force of their appeal. The work of the Bureau is twofold. Complaints of private citizens or of the committees are taken up by it and carefully investigated. A second function of the Bureau is to pursue an active inquiry on its own initiative into various phases of the city's business which are deemed most open to criticism. At the head of the central committee in charge of the entire venture is James B. Reynolds, whose work in investigating the packing-houses as the President's special commissioner gained him a National reputation. Mr. Reynolds is peculiarly fitted for such social service by his knowledge of the people's side of the government gained while he was Head Worker at the University Settlement, and of the political side while secretary to Mayor Low. At the head of the paid workers and conducting the active investigations and inquiries of the Bureau is its Secretary, Henry Bruère, a young and energetic man, educated at Chicago University and Harvard Law School. Mr. Bruère has thrown himself head and heart into the work, and with the small force at his disposal has accomplished wonders. Not to make political capital, but to make a better city by enlisting the aid of every intelligent and thoughtful citizen, is the ideal of the Bureau. It depends for its results on the belief that if the facts are published in a form intelligible to the average citizen, and briefly enough to be available for the busy man, no city department can resist an aroused public opinion for reform. Naturally, the work of such a political intelligence bureau as is thus being built up is extremely local. But, as some one has remarked about the tariff, "it is local all over the country."

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What the Bureau Has Accomplished

In a city of four million inhabitants, with an annual budget of $120,000,000 and an army of over fifty thousand employees, it would not seem that a Bureau with only four paid workers and limited funds could accomplish much in the first nine months of its existence. The record, however, is most encouraging, as a few instances will show. The Bureau found the city in the anomalous position of a slum-landlord of the worst type, pending the construction of the projected Chelsea Park. It has secured the vacating of twenty-four of the worst city-owned tenement-houses and the demolition of six, with the rest probably shortly to follow. It found the reports of various city departments from six months to four years behind. After the exposure nearly all of the departments caught up during the next quarter, some turning in reports as far back as 1902. It found that the pay-roll of the city was leaping ahead at the alarming rate of $873,844 in six months. As soon as this discovery was published the newspapers took up the subject, and voluntarily began investigating the increases each quarter. As a result Mayor McClellan appointed a commission, which is now at work devising a businesslike scheme of effecting increases. The publicity given to the enormously increased

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budget for 1907 was probably largely due to the initial agitation by the Bureau. Water waste was gone into by the Bureau, and among other things its discoveries saved to the city a whole main full of water, which a local boss had tapped and was selling in an adjacent county. In street cleaning and street repairing the results of agitation have been very creditable, and the late Commissioner agreed to many of the Bureau's suggestions for securing the much-needed efficiency in the Department. Reckless blasting and violations of the laws for storing and handling explosives started the Bureau on another scent. The evidence collected, including photographs, of actual illegal acts was so overwhelming that the removal of the Chief of the Bureau of Combustibles followed in forty-eight hours after its publication. The latest work of the Bureau has been the investigation and the publication of data concerning the paving suits of the city against several of the street railway companies, amounting in all to about a million and a half of dollars. The recent Corporation Counsel allowed them to lie dormant for about three years. Almost the first act of his successor was to announce that he would press them with all the power at the disposal of his Department, and a special member of the city's legal force was detailed to take charge of them, aided by the entire Corporation Counsel's office. A minute study of the work of the Borough President's office has been made, and the Police and Health Departments investigated. These reports will be issued soon. Representatives of the Bureau attend all meetings of the legislative bodies of the city, and follow closely the finances. Best of all, the Bureau has won the respect of several departments, which are actively co-operating with it, while into others it has injected a wholesome fear of publicity.

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The English Education Bill

Last week the resentment aroused by the drastic amendment of the English Education Bill by the House of Lords found expression at a meeting of the National Liberal Federation. A resolution was unanimously adopted urging the present Liberal majority in the House of Commons to reject in their entirety all the Lords' amendments and "resolutely to determine that the present Parliament shall not come to an end until steps are taken to bring to a final arbitrament the question whether the House of Peers shall any longer possess the right of veto on the will of the people as declared by the House of Commons." The meeting is reported to have been the largest and most representative of its kind that had assembled for twenty years. An important feature was the reading of a letter from the Prime Minister, who declared that "the Education Bill, as passed by the House of Commons, was . . . demanded in unmistakable terms at the general election. It now seems to have been turned into a travesty of its original form. As amended, it perpetuates, if it does not extend, the very grievances and wrongs fixed upon the country by the Act of 1902. . . . Of one thing you may rest assured—we will have no tampering with the main principles upon which our bill is founded. If within those limits an arrangement can be reached, all well and good. If not, it will be for us to see that on this question of education and on others a way is found by which the wishes of the country may be made to prevail." In addition, despite conciliatory efforts of the moderates on both sides, over a hundred Nonconformist members of Parliament have signed a memorial asking the Government promptly to reject all the Lords' amendments. This would mean a deadlock, the very thing which the moderates on either side are anxious to avert.

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The Peers Versus the People

There are three ways of conducting public schools: First, to take them entirely out of the control of religious or denominational bodies, and to permit no denominational teaching; second, to permit no denominational control, but to provide denominational teaching outside of school hours if desired by a majority of the parents; third, to secure sufficient denominational control to compel denominational teaching during school hours. This last method

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of dealing with the problem is strongly supported in the House of Lords, the great majority of whose members are supporters of the Church of England. The House has modified, by a majority of two hundred, the first provision of the Education Bill passed by the Commons, so as to make religious instruction compulsory during a part of the daily school hours; it has provided that the local authorities shall take over all voluntary or Church of England schools and that in such schools denominational teaching may be given, and that facilities for special religious teaching shall be given, not where four-fifths of the parents demand them, as in the bill passed by the Commons, but on the requisition of a bare majority. In proposing the Education Bill the Liberal Government had three principles in mind—national management combined with local control, a public disposal of public funds, and freedom from religious tests. In deference to the strong denominational feeling, however, it arranged that denominational teaching might be given outside of school hours under certain circumstances, but in such manner that undenominational teaching should be the rule and denominational teaching the exception. The House of Lords is within its constitutional rights in acting as a check upon the House of Commons; but it is apparently underrating the strength of the opposition. During the month's debate the attendance in the Lords has been greater than at any time since the debate on the Home Rule Bill, and the galleries have been thronged with peeresses and members of the House of Commons anxious to watch the progress of the measure. In the first impulse of anger at the amendments, the cry from many Liberals, and especially from the Nonconformists, has been, "Away with the House of Lords!" But cooler counsels will prevail. The Lords will return the Education Bill, amended, to the House of Commons and receive from the Commons a new Education Bill, which it will very likely again amend. Not until that time comes, in the minds of sober critics, will the Liberal Government be justified in turning to the country and demanding new elections; and only when the constituencies, in the solution of the education problem, place a positive mandate upon the Liberal Government, followed by a refusal from the House of Lords to approve a bill demanded by the people, will the present constitution of that House be imperiled. In any event, with general political prejudices still favoring a bicameral legislature, the existence of the English House of Lords can hardly be ended. But the House can and probably will be mended.

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Protestants in France

As there are but 600,000 Protestants in France against some 36,000,000 Roman Catholics, the Protestants have not been numerically the chief factor in bringing about the separation between Church and State in France. The conflict between the Catholic Church and the State has also assumed proportions which have engaged public attention to the exclusion of other aspects. The position of the Protestants, however, in this important transition must not be overlooked. During the long and heated struggle which has attended the enactment of the law some of their most representative leaders have taken part in the discussion to protest against drastic measures and methods in which secular authority was to be pushed to the verge of persecution against the Catholic Church. While the Protestants were not directly affected by these provisions, they have voiced the Protestant principle of religious liberty and assisted in softening extreme features of the law. The promptness with which they have accepted the new law, in strong contrast to the attitude of resistance of the Catholic clergy, may create the impression that there are no elements of hardship or difficulty for the Protestant churches in adjusting themselves to the new order of things. On the contrary, without the vast pecuniary resources of the Catholic Church and dependent upon the bounty of the State for the support of their ministers and educational institutions, many Protestants, while acknowledging the justice and wisdom of the law, have viewed with apprehension this

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momentous change in France. Pastor Wagner has stood almost alone as the minister of a free church supported by voluntary contributions. Though the French Protestants do not lack rich men, they have not been trained, like business men in our own country, to give freely for the support of churches. The future of the Protestant faculty in the College of France at Paris and of other educational institutions now thrown upon their own resources, without buildings or endowments of their own, has created much concern. The Protestant leaders, however, have taken up the matter with a courage, faith, and resolution which are little short of heroic. While the Catholics are divided even after the encyclical of the Pope, the Protestants, with great unanimity, have accepted the law and organized everywhere religious associations, and so, under the just provisions of the act, have become the custodians of the property of the ancient consistories or councils. The faculties of theology of Montaubon and of Paris have also each formed a religious association, and have collected subscriptions guaranteed for three years to pay the salaries of the professors. They are privileged to use without cost for five years the buildings of the college and of the seminary, including apartments for the students whose families do not reside in Paris. The Reformed Church of France has until recently been divided into three branches—the Orthodox or Extreme Right, the Center or New Orthodox, and the Left or Radicals. Each branch has had a distinctive organization and treasury. In this crisis the need of greater unity has been manifest, and Pastors Schulz, of Lyon, and W. Monod, of Rouen, have made great exertions to promote it. Under their leadership, at a conference held at Jarnac, October 23–26, a fusion was formed between the Center and Left wings of the Reformed Church. The hope is cherished by some leaders that, at a time not too remote, the Right wing, representing the most conservative element, will be included in the union. Such a union would greatly increase the resources of the Protestant minority, and would give a fresh impulse to the work of evangelization in France. In virtue of the new liberty and the new union, it is hoped that Protestantism may enter upon a new era of moral and social application of Christianity at a critical time in French history. The Lutheran Church, based on the Augsburg Confession, which has fifty churches in France, is also well organized, and shows admirable unity. It may be added, also, that the Israelitish synagogues have also accepted the law of separation and organized under its provisions.

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Professor Hugh Black

The new chair recently instituted in Union Theological Seminary, New York, the Jesup Professorship of Practical Theology, was filled last week by the inauguration of the Rev. Hugh Black, called hither from the pastorate of St. George's (Presbyterian) Church in Edinburgh. The subject of Professor Black's inaugural address was "The Preacher and His Age." The problem of the preacher in every age—the adaptation of the central message of Christianity to the special conditions of thought and society in his time—was discussed in various points of view. Too much preaching, said Mr. Black, is "a mere criticism of life," "a preaching of subjects" with "too little affirmation, not a message from the bottom of the soul concerning God's mercy and faithfulness, and Christ the Saviour of men." The form of this may change, "but the ideal must mold the practical." Amid points of antagonism, as well as of attraction, the preacher, addressing himself to the great human element, needs to be "always sympathetic, without dogmatism or denominationalism, with an eye to history in the making, and to the good in all, thinking more of men than of opinions." Adjusting himself to intellectual conditions, let him avoid frontal attacks on naturalism, and prefer flank movements on the facts of sin and conscience. In his social adjustment he must remember that "all human interests are sacred to Christ, but the universal is not to be forgotten in the particular." He is to inculcate principles, not precepts, and to bring the conscience into obedience to Christ. "The great temptation in every age is literalism," losing

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the spirit in caring for forms and catchwords. The entire address was auspicious for the realization of the design of the founder of the new professorship. Its intended functions include an itinerant ministry, "an ambulatory mission among the colleges," to attract students to the preacher's calling. Thus it is hoped to turn the ebbing tide, which has for some time been viewed with regret and apprehension. A portrait of Mr. Black, together with an account of his work and writings and his mission to this country, will be found in The Outlook for November 24.

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Another Shakespeare

There is a new claimant for the authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to William Shakespeare, and this time it is Roger, Earl of Rutland, and the champion who sets this new figure in the well-contested field is a German scholar, Dr. Karl Bleibtreu. This learned critic, following the wake of a great many other critics, mostly unlearned, is of opinion that "the low comedian, William Shakespeare, who regularly got drunk at the Mermaid Tavern," could not have possessed the learning and the knowledge of other countries which the plays disclose. Having assumed, first, that Shakespeare went regularly to the Mermaid Tavern, of which there is no evidence; that when he went there he regularly got drunk, of which there is less evidence; that he was without learning or the knowledge of other countries which the plays disclose, which is pure assumption, Dr. Bleibtreu then looks about for somebody who did not go to the Mermaid Tavern and get drunk, who was a scholar and had traveled, and he fastens upon the Earl of Rutland, on the ground (as it would appear from reports) that this noble contemporary of Shakespeare studied law at Padua, spent considerable time in France and Italy, visited other parts of the world, and must have been a man of general experience. In 1603 he represented James I. at the baptism of the Danish Crown Prince, and seized this opportunity to become acquainted with Elsinore; and Dr. Bleibtreu declares that he actually met Guildenstern and Rosencranz at the Danish Court. The Earl was imprisoned from 1601 to 1603, during which time—and the significance of this fact is much dwelt upon—no Shakespearean play appeared; while, on the other hand, the year in which the latest of the plays appeared was the year in which the Earl died. This extraordinary discovery, which puts Lord Bacon out of the running, and turns a vast collection of learned and unlearned works into waste paper, has been accepted by some of Dr. Bleibtreu's colleagues in Germany; but Professor Dowden, who is not only at the University of Dublin, but still retains an Irish sense of humor, does not hesitate to declare his conviction that Dr. Bleibtreu has added another to the many mare's-nests which learned and unlearned gentlemen have discovered in this connection, and points out the disconcerting fact that if the Earl of Rutland wrote the Shakespearean plays, he produced "Love's Labor's Lost" at the age of fourteen, which would certainly have been a most unusual occurrence; and Professor Herford, a Shakespearean scholar of much good sense as well as sound learning, is so profane as to declare that this theory is "greater rubbish than the Baconian one." The most amusing fact about all these theories of the origin of the Shakespeare plays is that each one substitutes a more difficult hypothesis than its predecessors, and that they all assume as connected with the authorship of the plays a group of difficulties the vast majority of which disappeared long ago.

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A National Art Gallery

A positive determination on the part of those in authority to establish at Washington a National Gallery of Art was made apparent on November 23, when, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, the lecture-room of the National Museum, which has been made into an exhibition hall and now contains the Nation's small art collection, was informally opened to the public. This gave to the long-neglected project concrete form, and at the same time indicated the manner of its probable

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development. In theory it is not new. As far back as 1846, when the first Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution met, the establishment of a National Gallery was discussed and recognized as a part of the great museum scheme. Furthermore, in 1849 the Marsh collection of valuable engravings and prints was purchased at a cost of about $4,000, and later other less important accessions were made from time to time. For some reason, however, as the years went by interest lapsed, the exhibits were scattered through the Museum collections, and the project was practically snowed under and almost forgotten. Only when it was found that the collection bequeathed by Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston to a National Gallery of Art must be immediately claimed or dispersed did it again come to light. Immediate steps were then taken to secure the inheritance, and an amicable suit not only achieved this result, but gave to the National Gallery legal standing. Now thoroughly awake, the Smithsonian authorities are ready to carry the matter further, and are giving it careful consideration. The remodeled lecture hall, with its paintings, its casts from the antique, and a single example of Edward Kemeys's sculpture, opening off of the room devoted to the graphic arts, is a good beginning, but it is no more. It is at the present time the only room available, and it has been admirably arranged, but its occupancy is only temporary. The plan is to reform the great upper hall of the Smithsonian building, which is over two hundred feet in length and about forty feet in width, into three connecting galleries, by means of partition walls and skylights. This could be done at comparatively small cost, and would afford excellent, and for the present adequate, exhibition facilities. In time, of course, these galleries will be outgrown, but not, it is thought, before the project has vindicated itself and won the support of the people. If the National Gallery of Art can thus be established under the wing of the Smithsonian Institution and be given a wise and capable curator, it can afford to make a small beginning and patiently await the pleasure of Congress.

The President's Message

In special exigencies the Presidents of the United States have always been accustomed to address not merely Congress, but the Nation. The two inaugurations of President Lincoln strikingly illustrate this truth. President Roosevelt has extended this practice, and his Messages are addressed scarcely less to the people than to their representatives. Those who think our public officials should be limited by the example which their predecessors in office have set will criticise President Roosevelt's practice. Those who, with us, believe that the United States is passing from a purely representative republic into a more democratic form of government, will be glad that the President recognizes this transition. In a single sentence in his present Message he defines the respective functions of the people and the Congress. Speaking on the question of taxation, he says: "Such a subject as this needs long and careful study, that the people may become familiar with what is proposed to be done, more clearly see the necessity of proceeding with wisdom and self-restraint and may make up their minds just how far they are willing to go in the matter; while only trained legislators can work out the project in necessary detail." This is a fine definition of the respective functions of the people and their representative bodies, in a democracy. The Message of the President to the present Congress is largely devoted to setting forth the things that he thinks ought to be done; while he leaves to Congress, without much counsel from him, the question how each proposed National action shall be worked out in detail.

Largely the Message is devoted to different aspects of what is popularly known as the industrial situation—the relation of organized capital to organized labor and the relation of the Government to both. The general principle the President states clearly, and we believe accurately, in the following sentence: "We hold that the Government should not conduct the business of the nation, but that it

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should exercise such supervision as will insure its being conducted in the interest of the nation." Thus the President differs from the Socialist, because he holds that the Government should not undertake to conduct the business of the Nation; and he differs from the individualist, because he holds that the Government should exercise supervision over the business of the Nation. The object of this supervision should not be to prevent combination or destroy it where it exists, but to make it subserve the public interests. He approves of combinations both of capital and of labor. While not using the word, he indicates his approval of railway "pooling," provided the pooling agreements are submitted to and sanctioned by the Inter-State Commerce Commission and are made public. In this respect the President takes the ground which The Outlook has for many years advocated.

There are certain definite regulations of great combinations which the President specifically recommends. Among these are the limitation of the number of hours of employment of railway employees, with, as a goal, the general introduction of an eight-hour day and of half-holidays during the summer—and he holds that this should be at once established for Government employees; prohibition of child labor, which must, it is true, generally be enacted by the States, but can at once be enacted for the District of Columbia and the Territories by the Congress; the employers' liability law—that is, the law placing the risk of all hazardous industries upon those who profit by the industry, not, as now, upon those who conduct it; compulsory investigation of controversies between employers and employees when they arise; the withdrawal from sale of all coal lands belonging to the United States, as the forest lands have been withdrawn—"the coal, like the forests, should be treated as the property of the public, and its disposal should be under conditions which would inure to the benefit of the public as a whole;" the improvement and extension of the railway and beef-packing regulation laws passed by the last session; the adoption of some method, as that of a National license law, for securing more complete control by the Federal Government over the great corporations, a control which will prevent the evils of over-capitalization and compel a proper degree of publicity.

Under the general subject of the relation of the Government to industrial enterprises come also the President's recommendations respecting taxation and industrial training. He urges: "When next our system of taxation is revised, the National Government should impose a graduated inheritance tax, and, if possible, a graduated income tax." He recognizes the objections that some of the States already impose an inheritance tax, and that the Supreme Court of the United States by a majority of one declared the National income tax of 1894 to be unconstitutional. He would apparently meet the first objection by a general reconsideration of the whole subject of taxation, so that State taxation and National taxation should not duplicate each other. He meets the second objection by admitting that it is difficult, but impliedly denying that it is impossible, to devise an income tax which the Supreme Court will regard as Constitutional. He urges an increase in technical and industrial training, and says that the educational work of the past has been too exclusively literary, and that its tendency has been to unfit boys and girls for industrial work and to make them reluctant to go into it. He also urges agricultural training as not less important than training in the mechanical arts. In both respects he is in harmony with the foremost educators of our time. But we do not agree with him in thinking that in this respect "under the Constitution the National Legislature can do but little of direct importance for his [the wage-earner's] welfare, save where he is engaged in work which permits it to act under the inter-State commerce clause of the Constitution." There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent making the Federal Educational Bureau an executive department and putting all the public schools in the District of Columbia, in the Territories of the United States, and in its insular possessions under the charge of that Bureau. If this were

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done, and the Territorial schools were organized on the broad lines indicated in the President's Message, an example would be set which the States sooner or later would be sure to follow.

The other topics treated of in the Message are not correlated. The President urges the passage of a law prohibiting corporations from contributing to campaign expenses; a law conferring upon the Government the right of appeal in criminal cases on questions of law; a law to correct the judicial habit of setting aside the judgments of inferior courts on technicalities absolutely unconnected with the merits of the case, and providing that no judgment shall be set aside unless, "after an examination of the entire cause, it shall affirmatively appear that the error complained of has resulted in a miscarriage of justice;" and a law regulating the issuance of injunctions and providing against their abuse. He discusses the general subject of lynching—on the one hand condemning mob violence and urging equal justice for blacks and whites, and on the other recommending the severest and promptest legal punishment of the abominable crime which has been the chief cause of the growth of the lynching spirit; in doing this he reinforces his views by quotations from the best Southern authorities. He advises a Constitutional amendment conferring on Congress the power of dealing with marriage and divorce; recommends legislation for the encouragement of American shipping and especially better communication with South America, but without specifying what that legislation should be; the adoption of some plan for securing greater flexibility of the currency, and refers to the consideration of Congress, without specifically indorsing it, the currency plan which we reported at some length to our readers last week; urges the bill, which has already passed the House and is in the hands of the Committee of the Senate, for freer trade with the Philippines; and calls for specific legislation for Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska.

A consideration of our foreign relations occupies a considerable portion of the Message, but may here be treated briefly. The Japanese question, thrust upon the country by the segregation of the Japanese in the public schools of San Francisco, the President treats with characteristic vigor; he urges just and generous treatment of that people, including a law specifically providing for the naturalization of the Japanese, and an amendment of the criminal and civil statutes of the United States so "as to enable the President, acting for the United States Government, which is responsible in our international relations, to enforce the rights of aliens under treaties." He recites briefly the history of Cuban intervention, and warns the Cubans that "if the elections become a farce, and if the insurrectionary habit becomes confirmed in the island, it is absolutely out of the question that the island should continue independent;" recommends with hearty approval Secretary Root's mission to South America and his address at Rio de Janeiro, a copy of which is appended to the Message; tells briefly the shameful story of the massacre of the seals by stupidly criminal sealers, and gives a hint, which the Canadian sealers would do well to heed, that if pelagic sealing cannot be prevented in any other way, it may be better for us to end the practice by exterminating the herd ourselves in the most humane way possible; and closes his Message by urging, in the interest of peace with honor and righteousness, not the increase, but the maintenance of our navy at its present strength, by replacing old ships, as they grow antiquated, with new ones.

The Outlook has so often expressed its convictions on practically all the questions considered by the President in this Message that we do not think it necessary to discuss his recommendations here. We simply report them, reserving future discussions for the occasions when the subjects referred to by the President are brought before the country either by legislative action or inaction, or by other episodes in the current history of the Nation.

For such a state paper as this the public ought not to be dependent on editorial abstracts, fragmentary reports, and illegibly printed copies in the daily press, nor left to write to their Congress-

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man, if they can find out who he is, for a copy. We renew our recommendation that Congress authorize all postmasters to receive orders for such public documents at a nominal price, and that the Department provide the necessary machinery for their circulation in that perfectly simple and practicable method.

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The Congo and the King

Some of our readers have perhaps noted in the daily press during the past fortnight items concerning the Congo. Except the announcement of the concessions granted to American capitalists, these items were placed inconspicuously and probably made little impression. They related to the attitude of the British Government toward the Congo question and the discussion of the question by members of the legislative body of Belgium. On what these two nations decide to do with regard to that question depend the welfare and even the life of a vast multitude of African natives. The Congo question is simply the old and new one, Shall human greed continue to wring wealth out of human misery?

For twenty-two years the King of the Belgians has been sovereign of the vast African territory called the Independent State of the Congo. He has held that position as a sort of trustee of fourteen European powers. He has farmed out this region, rich in valuable products, to great companies. He has exhibited great financial sagacity; he has become, through his Congo interests, one of the wealthiest men in the world; he is not merely a king—he is a king of finance.

These are facts which cannot be denied. Ordinarily a trustee who makes money out of his trusteeship is regarded at best as faithless. But, more than that, cries of distress have been heard from the Congo. The people whom the King was chosen to protect have been pillaged, lacerated, and murdered. For ten years Leopold II. and his agents have met the testimony of missionaries and travelers with denials. When Lord Lansdowne, representing one of the Powers that had created the Congo State, instructed Roger Casement, the British Consul in the Congo, to make an investigation, the King promised an inquiry of his own. The world awaited the report of the King's commissioners. In the meantime the wealth of the Congo continued to pour into the King's coffers. The commissioners journeyed to the Congo, made their observations, took testimony, and wrote their report. The King received it and kept it. For nine months the world heard nothing except the cries of the Congolese. At last he could withhold the report no longer against the demand of Europe. It was published. Although prepared by loyal subjects of Leopold, and although ample in apology, it is a document of condemnation. The substance of the report was given in The Outlook for January 27, 1906. An English translation of the report is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The King discreetly withheld the evidence on which the report was based. Some of this evidence, however, has found its way into print and may be had, if the supply is not exhausted, from the Congo Reform Association. The King, realizing that the human feeling of Europe would demand reform, appointed a commission to formulate a plan. Still more delay. Of the fourteen commissioners, twelve were financially interested in the trade they were asked to reform. Still, they suggested some reforms. What were they? Nobody knows. Their report was suppressed. More time gained; more money for the King's private purse. The King refused to indorse his commissioners' recommendations. Then, choosing three men whom the King's own commission of inquiry had found implicated in sinister designs for exploiting the land and people, he announced that he would submit recommendations for reform to them. This is the result of a dozen years of agitation. And all the time pillage, torture, and murder have continued.

That the King has not been oblivious of the rousing public opinion of the United States has been evident from the activity of the King's representatives here. And now, as we reported last

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week, he has granted concessions in a large portion of the Congo State to American capitalists. Many people who are acquainted with the history of the King's course in the Congo believe that this is his most astute act. He has at once put an end to the complaint that Americans have not had the trade privileges in the Congo to which they by treaty have a right, and has thus averted American intervention on commercial grounds, and he has virtually said by this act that he would give Americans a chance to show how the trade of the Congo can be conducted philanthropically.

This, in outline, is what one must remember in order intelligently to understand despatches which announce that the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs suggests that Great Britain may invite the Powers to confer on the Congo question, or that the Belgian Parliament makes the Congo question a subject for debate.

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The Truest Commemoration

Memorials of every kind in every age and country bear witness to the depth and tenderness of human love and to its guardianship of the memory of those who have passed beyond its care into the keeping of the Eternal Love. Passionate grief, despair, dumb submission, victorious faith, have found expression in every form that art could devise—beautiful, stately, tender. Great leaders, daring soldiers, saints, prophets, poets, statesmen, women whose loveliness made the air about them sweet and warm, young girls in whose charm all that was sweetest in nature and most appealing in prediction of the richer growth to come, little children holding the pilgrim's staff like a toy in their hands—for each and all there are memorials which record the wealth of achievement or promise that went with them out of the world.

To be surrounded by the visible memorials of those who have gone before is to have continually present the sense of the unbroken life of the race, of the line of descent from parent to child in continuous generations, of the unity of those who have passed through the education of earth and those who are learning its lessons as best they can, of the fellowship of that invisible host of witnesses which gives human struggle its immense spiritual significance. As children ought everywhere to read the story, not of their country's wealth and power, but of its heroes, its courage, its achievements in the emancipation of the human spirit, so ought every child to come into consciousness of the ties that bind the latest to the earliest men and women in vital and unescapable relationship in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ, by memorials on every side of those who have made life great, rich, pure, tender, and fruitful. If they whom we call the dead have escaped out of sleep and are now alive in a fullness of life which "it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive," then, surely, they who remain to endure and struggle toward the light ought to be lifted up by the companionship of the vast company who have achieved freedom and harmony of deed with thought and of reality with vision.

There is one form of memorial, however, that all love and sorrow must take if they are to touch the heart of this living relationship which death only brings into clearer light, and which bears the same relation to all forms of honor to those who have gone before that rites, ceremonies, splendor of structure, costliness of gifts, bear to the complete service of God: it is the honor that we express in our own lives. The heroic are most nobly commemorated by heroism in deed rather than in stone; the pure are best kept in mind by a new purity in the hearts that remember; greatness of service and nobility of nature by the quickening of all that is unselfish and self-sacrificing in those who guard the memory of a life once hidden by its very loveliness and now hidden in the light of God. It is the unbroken continuity of influence and power that bears witness to the vital family relationship of the present with the farthest past; it is the bequest not of rank or arms or property that affirms the honorable descent of those who remain from those who have gone;

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it is rather the quickened sense of honor, of loyalty, of the service due in all love from the fortunate to the unfortunate. This is the spiritual remembrance that must be sweeter to those whom it commemorates than statues or tablets or blazoned windows; here, too, sorrow finds the path to peace through action. Not often has this highest form of remembrance, this refuge for the sorrowful, been more simply and strongly brought to mind than in this letter from Charles Godfrey Leland to a friend:

. . . It is truly with grief I learn that a great loss has befallen you. As regards terrible bereavements there is but one thing to do wisely—to draw nearer to those who remain, or whatever is near and dear to us in life, and love them the more, and become gentler and better ourselves, making more of what is left. There are people who wail and grieve incessantly and neglect the living to extravagance. It seems always as if they attracted further losses and deeper miseries. Weak and simple minds grieve most—melancholy becomes a kind of painful indulgence, and finally a deadly habit. Work is the great remedy. I think a great deal of the old Northern belief that if we lament too much the dead, they cannot rest in their graves and are tormented by our tears. It is a pity that the number of our years is not written on our foreheads when we are born. Keep up your heart, work hard, live in hope . . . study—there is a great deal in you. As in China, we ennoble the dead by ennobling ourselves.

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Episcopal Opinion of Dr. Crapsey's Case

Dr. Crapsey, in a letter addressed to Bishop Walker, of the Diocese of Western New York, has resigned from the priesthood, and asked to be deposed from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He restates his position on the matters upon which the court adjudged him guilty of heresy, and indicates his attitude toward the Church and its Master in these words:

And if I seem to have lost my hold upon some of the traditional and physical interpretations of the creed, let it not be thought on that account that I have lost my hold on the Gospel of Christ. Nay, rather because I have let go these temporary and unstable interpretations of the creed I find strength to hold more firmly than ever to the Gospel. I believe as never before that to love the Lord my God with all my soul and all my mind and all my strength, and to love my neighbor as myself, is not only more than the law and the prophets, but is also more than the creeds and the churches. I see more clearly than ever that the five negative laws of righteousness laid down by Jesus, which laws command us not to be angry, not to lust, not to take any oath or vow, not to resist evil, not to hate the stranger though he be an enemy—I see, I say, more clearly than ever that these laws are the hedges of that strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life. To walk in that way has been and will be the constant labor of my soul.

Let no one think for a moment that I do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, and would not have served him to the last in this Church, which is to me the historic Church of the great English-speaking race, if only its men in authority had let me. All I asked of them was tolerance. But they have refused to extend tolerance to such as I, and I must, with a grief which only my own heart knows, accept my dismissal from the service of the Church.

At a meeting of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church at Rochester, New York, of which Dr. Crapsey has been rector, he presented his resignation and read a statement of the reasons which caused him to renounce the priesthood, which, like the earlier communication to Bishop Walker, is characterized by dignity, sincerity, and deep feeling. His people were deeply moved; for the vast majority have grown up under Dr. Crapsey's ministry. He has been for almost a generation their interpreter in spiritual things, their leader in religious life. Under his ministration the parish has grown materially and spiritually, and, whatever lack of judgment he may have shown at times, his people had come to have absolute confidence in his integrity, his consecration, his Christianity. He has played the part of a frank, brave man, and he had a right to speak these words to his people:

If God so pleased, it was my wish to grow old in your midst, and from being your brother to become your father, and when the time had come for me to go to that rest that remaineth, I trusted my last act would be to breathe upon you the blessing of peace, and your last act for me would be to carry me to that rest. But this is not to be. Instead of being separated by the gracious natural action of God, we are forced to part by what we believe to be the mistaken judgment of man. But we have no time now to think of

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that. Our thoughts are occupied with thinking of what has been and of what will be.

I have never spoken against my inward conviction, nor have I held back for prudential reasons things which I considered it my duty to say. And it is for speaking thus unwisely, so far as my comfort and yours is concerned, but, as I still think, for speaking what is true and timely, I am deprived of the right of speaking in this pulpit at all, and after next Sunday shall never speak from this place again. But I do not consider that a misfortune.

There is very little disposition, apparently, in any quarter to exult in the exclusion from the ministry of this honest and devoted pastor and preacher; and while those who take a strictly legal view of Church organization and administration are strongly of the opinion that no other course was possible, there is evidently very widespread dissent, even among those who do not accept Dr. Crapsey's positions, from the method by which he was tried, and the verdict which drives him out of the ministry. This is by no means confined to what is known as the Broad Church school in the Episcopal Church. On the contrary, it is evident that many men who hold a conservative view on the points at issue are distressed by this unhappy trial and dismayed when they look at the logical possibilities of the findings of the court. Bishop Williams, of Michigan, in a recent address at the convention of the diocese, described the difficulty which confronts legalists in the Church in these words, as reported by the "Churchman:"

> If a man of evidently consecrated and Christlike spirit says, "I believe thoroughly in the Incarnation, in the divinity and deity of Christ, I say my creed as honestly, I use my Prayer-Book as sincerely, as any one, but I differ from you, or you, or you, in this or that metaphysical or theological interpretation of the great fundamental and essential truth," what shall we say or do to him? Shall we forthwith impugn his veracity? Shall we forthwith hunt him out of the Church?
>
> Nay, truth is neither propagated nor defended by such means. They create only doubts and bad tempers. They hinder the work of Christ, the spread of his Gospel of love and sweet reasonableness among men. Men have never been won by the arguments of either denunciation, persecution, or heresy trials. The convicted is not convinced, nor anybody else. The only argument that avails is that of the great Apostle: "By the manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Truth is its own best witness and defense. If a man came to me, saying, "I believe as thoroughly as you do in the Incarnation, but I interpret the article on the Virgin Birth differently from you," I might believe such a man mistaken, might think his position historically and philosophically untenable, but I would not therefore denounce him, call him a liar and blasphemer, hound him out of the Church. I would say, rather, Come, let us reason together. Even in extreme cases I do not believe in the weapons of excommunication or deposition for purely intellectual errors.

The New York "Churchman," which constantly enforces a genuinely Catholic view of the position and administration of the Church, affirms again with emphasis its belief that Dr. Crapsey is not disloyal to the person of Christ, and quotes these words from his statement made at his trial:

> "I see in Jesus the very substance of God the Father. He is of the same substance, not of like substance. . . . I see in the Holy Ghost . . . the very substance of the Father himself." And again, speaking of our Lord, he says, "I see in him the perfection of man's nature, and I also see in him the fullness of the Godhead bodily." His attitude, however, toward historical statements in the Creed is grievously wrong, but, in our judgment, results from intellectual limitations. We have never had the slightest sympathy with his attitude and we have not now. But we have had no anxiety for the Faith because of it. Such errors have been met and overcome within the Church in every crisis of its history. They ought to be met and overcome now.

And it quotes very aptly the late Dean Church, who, while condemning Stanley, declared: "This legal way of dealing with theology reduces it to an absurdity . . . their true enemies, their true antidotes, are not judicial sentence, but Christian ideas, not only in discussion but in life and action." The time is not far distant when the attempt to conceive of a Church in the Catholic sense of the word from the legalistic point of view and of defending its faith by legalistic procedure will be recognized as an absurdity; and then, for the first time, the Church will try the method of leaving Truth free to fight error and destroy it in the only way in which error can be overcome and destroyed; and, above all, while it condemns the error, it will hold fast to and keep in fellowship the man who errs.

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The Spectator

It has sometimes seemed rather disproportionate to the Spectator that two of Shakespeare's plays should be located in one not too well-known Italian town. But after having visited Verona he feels differently. Whether Shakespeare ever traveled is one of the problems that even Bacon-cipherers cannot clear up. But if he did, and saw Verona, no wonder he chose it twice as a stage-setting. As one companion of the Spectator expressed it, looking down a street in the moonlight, "I can almost see that turreted arch shake in the draught from the wings!" For some reason or other, few seem to visit Verona. It lies on the highway from Milan to Venice; but every one stops at Padua, an hour away, instead, because of the great Giottos and Mantegnas there, while the city of Romeo and Juliet is left lying lonely under the great castle of Theodoric the Goth on the hill.

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Verona has any amount of history, as the Spectator soon found. He drove to his hotel through the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, which commemorates the latest development of modern, independent Italy, and has in its center the great Roman amphitheater built by Diocletian in 290 A.D., kept in fairly good repair ever since, and last restored by Napoleon in 1805. Verona is the only town in the world that has a good substantial, authenticated Roman amphitheater in every-day use. The Coliseum is undoubtedly bigger, but then the Coliseum is a ruin. The Verona amphitheater needs no guide or lecturer to explain it. On its outside wall, which is over a hundred feet high, the Spectator saw gay posters, in the florid Italian taste, at the entrance, announcing Signora Adamo and her trained horses and dogs, from America, as the grand attraction for the next week. Meanwhile some sort of a vaudeville appeared to be on nightly. In the daytime, however, it was deserted, and the Spectator paid his franc entrance fee next morning and had it all to himself—a great gray limestone ring of seats divided off by sketchy board railings into orchestra circle, boxes, family circle, etc.—the choicest seats, apparently, being over the main entrance. The amphitheater will hold twenty thousand people comfortably. The upper edge of masonry is a trifle broken, to be sure, and there is, of course, no roof. But the blue of the summer sky, with hundreds of swallows darting and swooping around the crumbling rim of stone, is better than shingles or tiles. The Spectator climbed past one tier of seats to another without the slightest difficulty to the top, and walked around the broad coping, from which a glorious view of hills and city met him at every step.

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In German legend, Theodoric the Goth was transmuted into "Dietrich of Bern," and this amphitheater was his castle where he lived. It would have been a most inconvenient residence even for a legendary hero (who can stand a great deal in that line), and the Spectator was glad to look over at the Castel San Pietro beyond the Ponte Romano, and picture Theodoric lodged there more comfortably in all his barbaric splendor. The modern castle is a barrack, uncompromisingly new, but it is on the foundations that Theodoric laid, and that the Viscontis used for their palace too. One soon reaches in Italy the resident point of view, and calls everything before the year of Columbus's discovery of America "*moderna*," in a slighting tone of voice. To be truly "*antica*" things must go back to the Dark Ages at least. "That is not old; only sixteenth century," becomes a commonplace, though the Spectator well remembers how at first it rather took his breath away. The American antiquarian, fondly preserving mementoes of the seventeenth century, is rather out of it seen from the Italian standpoint, and only the Mound-builders are worth while.

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For instance, there is the Piazza delle Erbe in Verona—the old market-place, once the Roman forum, where the sellers of fruits and vegetables spread out their wares on the pavement or in booths under a forest of quaint immense faded umbrellas that look like a growth of mushrooms overnight. All around rise

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ancient palaces and courts of justice, frescoed and arcaded, and down the center of the Piazza are the three landmarks of the old Tribuna, with its four marble columns and canopy, the fountain of Berengarius the Carlovingian, and the Venetian column with the lion of St. Mark. Wrinkled, brown old peasant women, black-eyed, olive-cheeked young girls, and sharp Italian lads kept a quick trade going on, under the big umbrellas, in melons and peaches, red radishes bunched against green lettuce, cherries heaped on dewy vine-leaves, purple artichokes, yellow gourds, and that most poetic-looking Italian eatable, the squash-blossom. The artistic feeling of the vegetable-seller in Italy is always in evidence and beyond praise. Every booth is a picture, and the youngest vender knows how to give the artistic touch to his radishes and marrows.

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The Spectator strolled out of the market to come casually at the next corner upon the tombs of the Scaligers—Can Grande, at whose brilliant court Dante found a home, and Mastino II., who conquered everything in sight until Venice, Florence, and Rome had to league to stop him. The Spectator had been told of the famous ironwork of Verona, and found it here in its perfection in the railings of these Gothic tombs. The Scala family were climbers, and proud of it. Their name and crest was the ladder, and it is worked into the railings elaborately and often. But the Renaissance was too much for them, as for so many other Italian princes. They began assassinating one another, and in the end the Viscontis, who were better at that sort of game, got rid of them, and, having reached the bottom of their ladder again, they passed away out of history forever; which was a pity for Verona and for them, for they were a great race, who could build and fight and rule excellently well.

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It was just before Can Grande's day that Romeo and Juliet lived and loved in Verona. Of course no one can be a day in the old town without visiting Juliet's grave at least, even if he does not see, in addition, the residences of the hapless pair. The Spectator crossed the Adige, rang a bell in a side street at a dusty gateway for the inevitable custodian, and paid the inevitable franc. "Tombe Giulletta è Romeo" was on a sign beside the gate, and the custodian led the way across the open courtyard of what was once a Franciscan monastery to a tiny little arcaded place, with some feeble trees and shabby plants in pots. Within was a rude mediæval stone sarcophagus, empty save for a dusty drift of visiting-cards that filled it half-way across. The top one was that of Hermann Somebody-or-other from Minneapolis—which might have been expected, and yet the Spectator did not feel patriotic as he looked at it. On each corner at the upper end of the sarcophagus hung a faded tin wreath—one for Juliet, one for Romeo. Who had placed them there the Spectator did not inquire—he was afraid to.

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Postal cards of Romeo and Juliet clasped in each other's arms were on sale, besides numerous ones of the tomb, the arcade, Romeo's house, the house of Juliet, and the sarcophagus as it was when first found after a neglect of some centuries. Whether it ever was Juliet's tomb or Romeo's, or anybody's known to fame, seems to be debatable. Baedeker politely takes refuge in the phrase that it "is called the Tomb of Juliet." But it really is not needed, except to swell the custodian's revenues. Neither is "Juliet's house" needed, with its balcony three stories up, from which Juliet could not possibly have heard or answered whispers of love. Verona is all one stage-setting for the story. There are hundreds of entirely suitable balconies and gardens and chapels and tombs. Down any of the narrow streets Mercutio may have ruffled it, and the Capulets and Montagues have fought. The imagination needs no help in the city of Theodoric, of Berengarius, and of Can Grande. The Spectator read "Romeo and Juliet" that evening, and then took a moonlight stroll, and would not have been surprised to meet Tybalt and Paris on the way to the amphitheater.

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A CONTINENT OF REPUBLICS

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in South America

In this article and the one which will follow next week, Mr. Baxter, who spent about two months in South America as a special representative of The Outlook, presents some essential and large questions and facts which relate to South America as a whole, although in a special degree to Brazil and the Argentine Republic. Later on The Outlook will print articles from Mr. Baxter's pen on Buenos Aires and Argentina, on school and college questions in the South American Republics, and on the railways of South America. Previous articles by Mr. Baxter resulting from his South American journey have been "The Western World in Conference" (issues of July 21, September 8, September 15, and September 22 last) and "The Pan-American Railway" (issue of December 1).—THE EDITORS.

WHEN I was a school-boy, South America was my favorite land. It had such a compact, leg-of-mutton shape; no other part of the world made such an easy map to draw. I always chose it for my map-drawing exercise. So I grew familiar with the Amazon and all the other big rivers, and could mark them out with fair correctness, considering that even now it is said to be a pretty decent sort of a map that gets this or that of one of the great up-country rivers within a hundred miles of its true course! All this, together with my devotion to the tales of Captain Mayne Reid, left a pretty warm place in my heart for South America. My longing to see it for myself was later intensified by the sight of Frederic E. Church's superb "Heart of the Andes," and other fascinating interpretations of Cordilleran scenery, as well as by intimate intercourse with that eminent painter and truest of men in the years that brought us together in Mexico—a land beloved by us both.

When, a few months ago, my desire was about to be realized, most of my friends at home seemed to think that in the quarter of a year or so at my disposal I would be able to "do" the whole thing, practically see it all, from Panama to Punta Arenas, from Rio to Lima. But it is not such an easy thing to skip around all over South America! We of the north are so accustomed to regard our half of the hemisphere as "it" that we do not stop to consider that the other half, to all intents and purposes, is literally half of the New World. In fact, South America in area is only about seven per cent. less than North America. But when it comes to productive and habitable area, the difference disappears. North America has its greatest breadth in the arctic regions, and tapers down into the tropics. South America has its greatest breadth in the tropics, and tapers down into the high, cool latitudes of the South Temperate zone. In North America an enormous proportion of the land is almost perpetually mantled with ice and snow—a bleak desolation almost everywhere north of a line drawn from the Labrador shore of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Yukon. But Argentina and Chili have divided Tierra del Fuego between them, and find it of economic value, just as Alaska is proving for us; its fertile valleys prove excellent for stock-raising, as those of Montana are.

Hence substantially all of South America is potentially productive. Vegetable and animal life are most fecund in the tropics. May not man's growing mastery of the forces so hostile to his well-being in a tropical environment enable him likewise to develop there a high civilization that will specially adapt itself to those conditions? A civilization perhaps less complex, having less physical needs to be met, than in higher latitudes—less demand for clothing and shelter, for instance—but, with all its simplicity, perhaps even because of its simplicity, equally rich in achievement, in net results? Certain signs point that way, as in our recently gained knowledge of how to deal with malaria, yellow fever, and other diseases caused by insect foes.

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A general application of such knowledge should enable us to live both rationally and securely under tropical conditions.

At all events, South America seems certain of a future comparable with that of North America. Her wonderful resources are only just beginning to be exploited. Extraordinary results have already been reached in various ways. Of these results our own public is almost wholly ignorant. They mean an extensive culture, akin to our own, in many ways foreign to it, but nevertheless very happily complementing it. This culture is everywhere in course of development under varying circumstances, not only south of the Isthmus of Panama, but south of the Rio Grande. There will be much reciprocity in its development—in this future age that is inevitable. It has acquired much from us politically, materially; in various ways it is possible that we may hereafter acquire, from that part of the world, much in return. We have been so accustomed to look upon South America as comprising a disorganized bunch of discordant populations that we have hardly suspected the higher aspects. Yet there is a steady process of political, economic, and intellectual development going on, and much notable progress in various directions.

South America and Africa are the two most unexplored and unexploited portions of the world. Each continent offers immense possibilities for colonization, for modern development. They are strikingly similar in situation. Each is largely equatorial and of the southern hemisphere. Each is, or was, attached by a narrow isthmus to another "grand division" of the world. The severing of this isthmus by a navigable waterway makes each literally a continent by itself.

These two continents lie side by side, separated by a narrow ocean. It is farther from New Orleans across the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea to Venezuela than from Cape St. Roque in Brazil across to Africa. Africa offers the sharpest cleavage between civilization and savagery to be found in any part of the world. In the north, Africa was the seat of some of the oldest and highest of civilizations. In the ferment of the great Mediterranean reciprocity of cultures, in the intercourse between Asia, Africa, and Europe upon and across the Midland Sea through age upon age for time immemorial, our modern European enlightenment was born. Africa received later on from Asia the faith of an Arabian fanatic and therewith gave to Europe the brilliant civilization of the Moors in Spain—a civilization that even taught Christians the meaning of Christianity and well-nigh made all Europe its own.

Yet abutting upon all these civilizations lay the black African race, in touch with them, but as a race unaffected by them. It ever remained uncivilized and uncivilizable. When left to itself, it has invariably reverted to the depths of savagery. But though in itself unaffected, it has by no means been uneffective. Everywhere it has left its traces behind. All these civilizations—Egyptian, Phœnician, Grecian, Roman, Semitic, Moorish—it has in varying degrees tinged with its blood and its temperament. Its service seems always to have been that of an element in a blend.

There appears to be no saying how far this process has gone. But there are eminent anthropologists who declare that racial characters demonstrate that the entire white race has a very high percentage of the African in its composition. This racial aspect may have a notable bearing upon the future of South America.

Africa, from end to end, has been apportioned among European powers. Its development, its exploitation, will take place at their hands. The white race will establish itself all over the Dark Continent as securely as it has in Europe and America. What will then become of the black man in his own habitat is a problem.

On the other hand, South America is more free from occupancy by European powers than any other part of the world. Three European nations—England, Holland, France—have a comparatively small tier of colonies in the Guianas and just off shore upon the islands of Trinidad and Curaçao in the Caribbean. Otherwise the entire continent is self-governing. Its nations are republican in form,

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Latin in culture, as well as mainly Latin in race. Just as, in North America, the United States and Canada together seem destined to become the chief seat of English culture, so it looks as if the world's greatest Latin culture would ultimately be found in South America. This seems to be indicated by the way in which Brazil has grown to overshadow her mother country, Portugal. Indeed, as compared with the three great Latin countries of Europe—France, Italy, and Spain--Brazil in point of population already steps into the third place, between Italy and Spain. In point of railway development Brazil takes the second place, between France and Italy. In maritime movement Brazil comes third, between Spain and Italy. In value of exports Brazil again comes third, between Italy and Spain.

With resources now only just beginning to be developed, it is manifest that South America will soon forge far ahead in all these evidences of wealth and strength. And countries that take the lead in wealth and power will sooner or later assume it in the other respects that make for national greatness. It is notable that the Latin culture of all South America represents the two Iberian idioms, Castilian and Portuguese—languages so closely akin that the people who speak them find little difficulty in making themselves mutually understood. The circumstance that the language of a country so vast in extent as Brazil is Portuguese gives promise of future importance for a tongue that long has ranked as comparatively obscure—an importance that perhaps some day will class it, as compared with Spanish, as German ranks in relation to English among the Teutonic idioms.

Two-thirds of the area of South America is occupied by two great countries, Brazil and Argentina—rivals for the hegemony of the continent, they are called. Brazil herself occupies one-half of South America, and her population, it is claimed, now approaches 20,000,000. As against the less than 6,000,000 of population in Argentina, the prospects for the latter as against Brazil might seem dubious. On the other hand, since Argentina is more compact, more advanced in material development, her resources held better in hand, it is held that should it come to a question of arms between them the case might be not unlike that of Japan pitted against Russia. This contingency is discussed not a little; it does not concern us just here.

Should nothing occur to break the steady progress made by Brazil for the past century, the position she is destined to hold in relation to her continent is suggested by the fact that her area is half that of all South America. She is larger than the continental United States —not reckoning Alaska—by a space large enough to take in either 125 Delawares or almost another Texas. Curiously enough, as if determined by some fate, every other country on the continent except Chili and Ecuador—and the latter comes very near—as well as every European colony on the mainland, abuts upon Brazil.

With such a coast line it seems natural that Brazil should now be gaining high rank as a maritime country, inheriting, it would seem, the ancient fame of Portugal as the sailor nation that erst was half mistress of the seas. Brazil's coast line is longer than the Gulf and the Atlantic shore of the United States; it would cover the shore of North America from New Orleans to the northern point of Labrador. In tonnage Brazil's merchant marine stands seventh among the nations. From 123,439 tons in 1888 it has grown to 596,000 in 1905—a little less than that of Japan, the England of Asia.

Brazil's magnificent system of internal waterways gives her a fresh-water Mediterranean—a Mediterranean cut up into ribbons and spread far and wide over the land in waters ever tranquil. They have a function in the commercial economy of the two great republics, Brazil and Argentina, with their minor neighbors, comparable to the way in which the Great Lakes serve the United States and Canada, with the additional advantage of ramifying to nearly all parts of the continent, forming international waterways and magnificent tracks for commerce.

In North America the area of greatest

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rainfall is near the mouth of the Mississippi. Hence our rivers are comparatively scant and shallow. In South America the situation is ideal. The warm trade-winds, licking up the Atlantic, and saturated like a vast and interminable sponge, sweep steadily across practically the whole continent to dash their liquid burden against the Andes. Here it descends in what is well-nigh one continuous cataract the whole length of the Cordilleras. Hence rivers everywhere, mighty and deep. Hence the Amazon, the world's greatest river; twenty-seven thousand miles of navigable waters in its system of tributaries and connecting lakes. The Amazon flows with an average depth of one hundred and fifty feet. At the great inland port of Manaos, one thousand miles from the river's mouth, the harbor is six miles wide! At Iquitos in Peru the river is two miles wide. We are accustomed to look upon Peru as a Pacific country. But its best and richest part lies on the Atlantic slope of the Andes. Ocean steamers sail regularly from the Brooklyn docks in New York for Iquitos, two thousand miles up the big stream. Altogether there are more than fifty thousand miles of internal waterways in Brazil; over thirty thousand miles available for steam navigation.

The United States of Brazil! Considering the association of the term with imperial vastness in our own case, the ex-empire seems peculiarly entitled to its use. They are States indeed, these old captaincies of Portugal's great colony, late provinces of the empire. Some of the hugest are still almost uninhabited, however: among them, Matto Grosso, the Great Forest, over twice the size of Texas; Amazonas, Pará, Goyaz. The Brazilian constitution provides that the federal capital shall be located on the tableland of Goyaz. A commission has already established the limits of the new federal district. But the place is now almost inaccessible for the world at large. Happily, the constitution fixes no time for the change. It is safe to say it is not likely to be realized for centuries to come. Rio de Janeiro, in its incomparable beauty, is achieving a magnificence and acquiring traditions that it will be impossible to break with. Rio is now a healthy city. The chief reason for a change of the seat of government no longer exists.

Brazil's most populous State is Minas Geraes; a curious name for a State—Mines in General it means, or Mines of All Sorts. It might be called the New York of the republic, for its population is estimated at between three and four million. But the true Empire State of Brazil is São Paulo, supreme in its coffee culture. "São Paulo is Brazil," they say. Economically speaking, to all intents and purposes this is true. São Paulo's population is over 1,500,000. Bahia has over 2,000,000, Pernambuco over 1,000,000, Rio de Janeiro likewise reaches over that figure. There are several small coast States, Rhode Island and Delaware-like, but populous, like Alagoas and Sergipe. There are others yet lesser known. Outside of Brazil, who ever heard of Pianhy or Parahyba? Altogether there are twenty States, besides a potential State in the newly defined territory of Acre.

Brazil's political evolution makes it unique among Latin-American States. Its breaks with the past have always been gentle. First the big colony became for a while the seat of the Portuguese monarchy. Then the little mother country, becoming apprehensive lest the great daughter might permanently rule the household, clamored for the return of the capital to Lisbon. The proclamation of Brazilian independence and the erection of the country into a constitutional empire settled the difficulty. The transition from empire to republic was equally gentle. The good Dom Pedro II., high-minded, scholarly, was himself a republican. When he visited the United States in 1876, he told Wendell Phillips in Boston that it was his aim to fit Brazil to be a republic. It was a pathetic necessity that sent the venerable and big-hearted sovereign into exile from the land he loved so well.

Emancipation, the abolition of negro slavery, was effected with corresponding smoothness. A stroke of the pen from Princess Isabel, regent in her father's absence abroad, and the thing was done. It made a crisis in sugar culture, and for

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a while affected other agricultural industries dependent upon slave labor. But the country quickly adjusted itself to the new conditions and escaped a repetition of the social and political cataclysm that had imperiled our own existence as a nation.

Hence in all these radical changes the transitions were such as to leave no rancor, no bitterness, behind. Throughout the rest of Latin America all insignia of royalty, of nobility, were effaced from buildings, swept from public places, by the revolutionists. In Mexico Tolsa's magnificent equestrian statue of King Carlos IV. was kept carefully hidden from the populace for years. Eventually it was re-erected in a public square, tolerated only with an apologetic inscription whose equivalent runs: "Preserved as a work of art." In Brazil, however, the royal arms of Portugal, the imperial arms of Brazil, the statues of the emperors, are to be seen on every hand and pointed to with manifest pride in the peaceful continuity of the lines connecting the nation's past and present. Men still bear, without aristocratic pretensions, the non-hereditary titles conferred by the late emperor. No tinge of revolutionary hatred lingers in the national memory to mar the relations with the mother country. No racial antagonisms, fierce, irreconcilable, make a chasm between either former masters and former slaves or between their children.

This racial question in Brazil has most instructive aspects. In their pride of race some visitors are disposed to despise the Brazilian people because of the manifest admixture of African blood in their make-up. This is simply because they cannot easily appreciate that taking effect before their eyes is the very process of race-building that has been completed for ages past in Mediterranean lands. They do not realize that the blending of African with Aryan and Semitic elements must have been precisely the same, there and here. The swarthiness of the Italians, Spaniards, the Provençal French, etc.—these interpenetrating other European stocks—manifestly seems due to the same causes that in Brazil and other sections of Latin America and in the West Indies are producing precisely the same physical aspects.

It should be remarked that in Brazil the negro is accepted socially no more than he is with us. The blending process starts in obscure strata. Indeed, the social status of the negro in general is not as high in Brazil as it is in the West Indies. The same holds true with the mulatto. Intermarriage with that grade is socially under the ban. But beyond the quadroon, or at least the octoroon, it is another matter. Prejudice cannot carry so far. The old families, to be sure—those of purely white race, Portuguese or otherwise—as a rule, sternly discountenance any marriage connection that may bring with it any suspicion of "the touch of the tar-brush." But this affects only an extremely small percentage of the population. The mass of the nation is untouched by considerations of that sort.

Indeed, the fact of the blending is frankly recognized and accepted on every hand without the least sense that any stigma can attach to the circumstance that a strain of the African is an inevitable element in the Brazilian composite. In the galleries of the Escola de Bellas Artes in Rio there is a salon devoted to pictures by Brazilian artists. Conspicuous is a striking work by the exceptionally talented painter Modesto Brocos. It depicts very concisely the development of the Brazilian race. At the door of a rustic cottage sits a handsome young mulatto woman. Near by sits her husband, a sturdy Portuguese peasant, smoking his evening pipe, intelligent and shrewd of face. He gazes affectionately at their child, a handsome boy, practically white, held in the mother's lap. Beside the mulatto wife stands her mother, a typical negro "mammy," with turban about her head, her arms stretched out over her white grandson in fervent benediction. "Bress de Lawd! From dis hyah ole coal-black t'ing to dat yah little white angel!" In our Southern darky lingo that is the equivalent for what she is evidently saying in her negro Portuguese.

The actual process, of course, is more complex than the picture indicates. Various other elements must be taken

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into account. In northern Brazil, for instance, the Indian is as great a factor as the negro is in other sections. One of the foremost of Brazilian statesmen said to us one evening: "In two hundred years more there will be no negroes left in Brazil. They will all be absorbed." He spoke of it as a matter of course; a desirable consummation.

In this connection let me relate an incident of Secretary Root's visit. In the State of São Paulo there is a "lost tribe" of Americans. Just after our Civil War numerous irreconcilables from the South emigrated to Brazil. They would abide no longer in a country thenceforth to be dominated by the Northern States. So they sought a land where they could live amidst institutions like those of the ante-bellum South—slaves, great plantations, patriarchal conditions. The largest of these colonies was established at a place called Santa Barbara in the central section of the State of São Paulo. There were Yanceys, Rhetts, McFaddens, and members of other fine old Southern families.

For twenty years and more things went on in their new home perhaps smoothly enough. Then one day they again awoke to find themselves in a slaveless land. Their extensive holdings in human flesh and blood were wiped out over night. It is related that one of these colonists who lived in an isolated section obstinately refused to recognize the inevitable, and managed to keep his negroes enslaved a whole year longer. At last a government official came along and let his human chattels know that they were free. The remnants of this colony now number about eighty families.

In the hearts of these self-exiled Southerners there lingered a sense of the ties of race and nationality. When they heard that Mr. Root was coming, and was to pass through Santa Barbara on the way to visit the great coffee district of São Paulo, they sent him a despatch asking him to stop his special train at the station. He consented. A group of venerable men, white-haired, white-bearded, courtly, were awaiting him on the station platform. Mr. Root invited them into his car. Here they briefly gave him hearty greeting and were received most cordially. A short talk, immensely interesting on both sides, followed. Then a spokesman for the old Confederates said to Mr. Root that a certain matter lay close to their hearts. They felt drawn to their old country; so they wanted his advice. Would it not be best for them to go back home to spend the rest of their days? Or should they stay?

Mr. Root was deeply affected. The tears started and rolled down his cheeks. Kindly and gently he told them, "No, you should stay here. Should you return to your old country, you would find nothing as you left it. All would be changed. You would not be happy there. This is your home. You are Brazilian citizens. Brazil is now your country."

Such in substance were Mr. Root's words. And his hearers were convinced that what he said was right. One of them wrote to our excellent Consul at Santos, Mr. Johnson, not long after, that they all hoped Mr. Root would be the next President; that if they were back in the States they would vote for him to a man!

Time not only allays rancor; it effaces prejudices that once seemed ineradicable. Foreigners who live long in Brazil learn to see things as Brazilians see them. There are now about seven hundred of the descendants of the original Confederate colonists. These have very largely intermarried with the people of the country; not a few, I am told, have no knowledge of English, and speak only Portuguese.

Forty years ago, among the cloud-shapes that piled themselves upon the mountainous coast as the ship that bore these colonists came into port with its emigrants from the dead Confederacy, perhaps there might have been traced the figure of Nemesis. And could the newcomers have seen what she then wrote in their Book of Fate, they might have read: "Welcome to your new home! You are building better than you know. You have come from a land of new freedmen into a land of slaves, here to live holding slaves that shall yet be free. Here you will increase and multiply; your children shall be many in the land. But your descendants will also be descendants of

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African slaves. With your blood shall be merged the blood of the race that vainly you seek to keep forever enthralled and apart. In posterity's veins that blood will course coequal with yours. It is well that you come from afar to this land. For, as with your own people back in the distant north, so it is with this—the blood of many races must blend to build up a nation capable and strong."

THE FOUNDING OF A CITY

BY ALIDA LATTIMORE

IT was the day after Christmas. One of the students from the New York School of Philanthropy, at home for the holidays, chanced to pass a small triangular bit of land known as Anderson Park. This place, tiny but precious to the boys of the neighborhood as a base-ball field, was to be converted into a local park. This intention was considered by the boys to be an outrage to their interests; and as a political concession to them, the Board, acting through an intemperate old veteran and a few Italian laborers, had transformed the place, for one brief winter, into a temporary skating-rink. Following the Board's directions, the laborers had excavated the ground and thrown an embankment of some height around the space which the veteran had flooded and afterward watched from the comfortable vantage-ground of a near-by saloon.

The rink was ready, the Christmas skates were ready, there were four hundred children ready, everything was ready but—the ice. The children had hoped against hope that some kind Christmas fairy would freeze the water into a smooth and glittering expanse while the thermometer stood at the genial point of 60°; hence on the day in question the whole neighborhood of small fry stood on the edge of the rink, skates in hand, waiting for the miracle.

The miracle that happened was a very common miracle in boydom. One soul, hungering for adventure, sallied forth across a thin film of ice, the single derelict of a previous cold day. The veteran from his retreat spied the trespasser, and, eager to exercise his unused authority, made a dash for the boy and caught him. Instead, however, of the miracle the young spectators were hoping for, both victim and keeper, engaged in what appeared to be a mortal combat, went down and were continuing their struggle in the water, when the student appeared upon the scene. She was immediately interested in the situation which was presented, for previous to her systematic study of social work she had been a member of the committee of the Children's Playground League, which was directly responsible for the existence of the rink.

The student inquired as to the cause of the disgraceful occurrence she was witnessing, and who was to blame. Little did she dream of what was in store for her. Having no pressing business on hand, and the only exciting event of the afternoon being apparently past, a hooting mass of children collected around this innocent inquirer. Only a dozen or so were able to overhear any of the conversation about the water fight, and the rougher element resentfully decided to make it unpleasant for the Philanthropist. Never before had the lady in question been the center of a mob. The boys on the outer circle formed flying wedges and threw themselves against the inner group; a sly hand would suddenly reach out and tweak the iridescent feathers from the back of the Philanthropist's hat, then came another bump from the flying wedge applied in a new and unprotected quarter, and another tweak of a feather, until life seemed to the Philanthropist strenuous indeed; she felt that the career of a social worker was not what she had supposed it to be.

In a momentary lull caused by a fresh splash of the fighters in the pond, the training of the School of Philanthropy asserted itself as follows: Were these bad boys and girls? Nay; they were merely expressing a superabundance of energy. They were really good little

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children. And having, as it were, regained her social poise by this self-imposed quiz, she gave a sign to a hopefully responsive boy, and, having enticed him around a tree, suggested that he take her from the crowd; and he succeeded in getting her a block away, with only four boys tagging. Next came a council of war. What could be done? The hasty opinion of the boys was that if, as the lady assured them, the pond was their rink, theirs to guard as well as to play on, a fence was an absolute necessity. One boy of ten said: "I had a tool-set for Christmas, and if some one would give the lumber I could build it all right." A rapid process of arithmetic followed this offer, and the boys' ardor cooled upon the discovery that neither the boys nor the lady had any plan for paying the cost of the lumber.

By this time the whole affair had assumed such grave importance in the minds of the boys that they agreed that it would be a good idea to consult more of "the crowd," and that the boys present should get as many others as they could and come to the home of the Philanthropist at nine o'clock the next morning.

At the appointed hour the lady skeptically awaited the arrival of "the gang," and, to her amazement and that of the other members of her household, promptly at nine four young things were seen hiding around the corner, and were lured within. Four more, lurking at a conservative distance, now boldly hove in sight, and from behind trees and fences others emerged, until fifteen were resting their heads against the dainty cushions in the lady's library, and piling their sharp skates upon the polished floor.

When the meeting opened, it was discovered that James Fleming, aged twelve, was absent. If James's presence could be secured, the opposing factions would be blended into peace and harmony. Everybody liked Jim; what he said went. No government would be complete without him. Jim was the boss of several gangs, three of which were represented by the boys on hand. Jim's house had a telephone—a fact proudly announced—and the lady might telephone Jim's mother to have him come up. The lady did telephone, and told Jim's mother that there was a meeting in progress to consider the best way of guarding the skating-rink, and the advice of her son was greatly needed. Could he come up? The answer was that Jim not only could but should; and when a bright-eyed little gentleman with a handsome gray overcoat and faultless gloves appeared upon the scene, the Philanthropist, who had supposed she knew boys, was astonished. The warm greeting given by the other boys to this diminutive "swell" removed from her mind any doubts as to the identity of the child. He was Jim!

The meeting, which had been most serious in its tone, now became even solemn. The assembled persons, all under fifteen years of age, representing vested interests in homes of more or less prosperity in the neighborhood of Anderson Rink, felt that the subject demanded profound consideration. Were they not gathered together for the purpose of protecting their own property—their blessed skating-rink? The fact that the very boys now planning a government to protect the rink had themselves been the ringleaders in many acts to despoil it by throwing stones, sticks, and other objects into the water when it refused to freeze, and running over it when the ice began to form, was forgotten in the new delight of keeping others from similar acts of lawlessness.

The first sentiment revealed was a strong desire for a fence. No one could keep order without a fence, a big, high one. Of course a fence presupposed a force of policemen to keep boys from climbing over. Why! the boys present might be policemen and have big clubs! That would be just the thing. The second thought was, however, would it really keep other boys out to be hit by a boy policeman with a club? Would not a boy so hit be angry, and would he stop trying to get over the fence? A reluctant admission went around the circle that the club idea would only make matters worse, and that, as the lady suggested, right was better than might. This virtuous sentiment was reinforced by a small boy who remarked that he thought they would better take the motto, "Not enemies but friends," and, this sage decision being unanimously agreed upon, the idea

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seemed to take root that the boys could help most by teaching other boys that it was good business to keep the ice on the rink in good condition, so that they could all have the benefit of it when the freezing had actually taken place. It became evident that an executive must be chosen to lead the new movement, and, the title of "mayor" being popular, a mayor was then and there elected, Jim Fleming being the happy recipient of the honor.

It seemed only fitting that the Mayor should appoint a deputy to act as police chief, and that he should choose all the remaining boys present to be his policemen; so, when two sympathetic and capable friends of the Philanthropist, who had responded to a hurry call by telephone, had been accepted as Council, the organization was completed by the impressive rite of pinning to each of fourteen blouses a triangular numbered card with "Anderson City Police" inscribed thereon. The fourteen blouses covered fourteen hearts ready to burst with responsibility. A committee was formed to draw up rules, and a mass-meeting was decided upon, to be held three days later in one of the public schools; then the meeting was gravely and ceremoniously adjourned.

From this time on the Philanthropist realized that she had failed to comprehend boy nature; the accident of the police system held a fascination for growing youth which she had little appreciated. The news of the meeting spread like wildfire, and every few moments she would be called to the door to see boys who begged, "Please, ma'am, kin I be a policeman?" All kinds and grades of boys longed to wield the policeman's power. Four youngsters drove up in a little trap drawn by two Shetland ponies. All the applicants for policemanic honors were told that no one could hope for such an exalted position unless he had first shown peculiar fitness for governing the young people who used the rink; the chief of police would keep under observation those showing such fitness, and would appoint them on the merit system. It was only right that those who came to the first meeting should have been appointed, as they had proved their interest in the rink by helping establish its government.

A newspaper reporter with a sense of humor was solicited to interview the new Mayor, and, after securing the virgin facts from Jim, who was curled up in his mother's arm while narrating them, a few additional ones were given to him by the Philanthropist. The morning paper the next day, therefore, dignified the movement in the eyes of the boys, and they felt that they were committed to an undertaking which could not be lightly abandoned.

The day of the mass-meeting had been preceded by several committee meetings to frame rules for the good of Anderson City, and the Mayor, filled with pompous pride, had rehearsed his speech three times, while the Philanthropist posed as a large and critical audience. No, indeed, he wasn't going to get scared—only—he might be a trifle nervous beforehand. However, he'd get through it all right. But alas for the pride of the leader of gangs! Tried in the fierce heat of fifty pairs of bright eyes turned on their doughty leader, Jim was found wanting. His peroration, rehearsed so glibly, "Ladies and gentlemen: we are here for business," clove to the roof of his mouth. Upon a gentle reminder of the words his lips opened, but no sound came from them. The beginning of a titter came from the group surrounding a rival hero, and was quickly suppressed by the Council, sitting in front by the Mayor. But Jim's power was gone; he had "flunked," as his stanchest allies confessed.

To cover Jim's deep humiliation the chief of police read the rules, beginning, "No skating on the ice before it is froze," and ending with a section volunteered by a small tough whose refractory tongue had for years led him into constant sin, to the effect that there should be "no smoking and no swearing." So fully did this rule meet with the approval of the citizens that a unanimous vote placed it first on the list. Then one or two older friends of the children were called upon for speeches, and when these were over fifty-four boys and one girl came forward one at a time and promised faithfully to guard the interests of Anderson City, to

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keep its rules, and to help other citizens to keep them. In token of this pledge each signed his name and became a pioneer resident.

The Philanthropist, obliged to return to her studies, left the faithful Council to attend to such State affairs as the citizens were too inexperienced to handle. There were times when such help was sorely needed. A plaintive voice wailed through the telephone one night, "Oh, I'm the chief of police and I'm in dreadful trouble! The Mayor has thrown up his job! What shall we do?" A visit to Jim's mother constrained him to stick to his position of trust for the month, at the end of which time there was to be a new election. As Jim's glory had departed, another boy then reigned in his stead.

It was found that once a month was too often for an election, and the term of office has, therefore, been extended to three months.

Before very long two hundred citizens were enrolled in Anderson City. The living fence proved itself effectual; the unruly elements, now fortified with dazzling triangular policemen's badges, and with the eyes of the public upon their government, conducted their sports with credit to themselves and with the commendation of the neighbors.

There is one sad fact to be chronicled; the Park Board has beshrubbed Anderson Park out of use as a playground; it is now merely beautiful. While the citizens had a baseball schedule for every Saturday until September, "and furthermore," as they express it, while they were willing and anxious to raise money themselves and rent a playground, and petitioned the real city Mayor to find a spot, Anderson City for several long months afforded the pitiful spectacle of a government without a territory, of a city without a site. Earnest endeavor has, however, been crowned with achievement, and Anderson City is soon to celebrate its first birthday on the rink encircled by the raised running track which is part of a large and satisfying playground brought into existence by the ambitious citizens. Their government now has a territory and their "City" has a site.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

A NEWSBOYS' LABOR UNION AND WHAT IT THINKS OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

NATHAN S. SODEKSON, the animating spirit and mentor of the Newsboys' Protective Union of Boston, has just attained his majority. He is somewhat under the average in height, dark, slightly formed but well knit, alert, possessed of a remarkable gift of concentration, and of abundant energy. Like fully two-thirds of the five hundred members of the Newsboys' Union, he is a Jew from the Russian Polish provinces. He was born in Pren, Russian Poland, in 1884. His one vivid recollection of his birthplace associates itself with the Feast of the Passover. For six days and nights, when he was a child of six, he remembers how the populace, incited by anti-Semitic merchants and a bigoted clergy, raged about his barricaded home crying for the massacre of the Jews. The people themselves he remembers, in ordinary times, as kind and sufficiently generous, but priest-ridden, educated for nothing but fanaticism, tolerant towards the Jews as men, but brands of fire when goaded on against them as the crucifiers of Christ. Driven by the fear of always imminent persecution, Sodekson's widowed mother fled with her children to America, to Boston. Like thousands of other immigrants, the child was forced at a tender age to earn a living both for himself and for the younger members of his family. Three newsboys in ten, he told me, are orphans; six in ten the

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sons of widows. But the stern exigencies of living did not keep him from the schools. In Poland, he said, there had been no schools for Jews; or, where Jews were admitted to the church schools, it was frequently in order that their services might be sold, during so-called school hours, to the highest bidder. After arriving in America his mother established the household law that the child who did not go to school during the day should have neither food nor bed at night. Before she had left Poland the rumor had reached her that in America the public school was the open highway to freedom and distinction.

"What of the synagogue?" I asked.

"My mother, like the mothers or guardians of all the other boys," Sodekson answered with animation, "insisted ten times as much upon the public school as upon the synagogue. She had the highest faith in the good influence of the public schools. And this is true of the mothers of Catholic boys as well as of Jews."

When Sodekson had finished his course in the grammar school, the law of the household was revoked for him. His mother died, and the resulting care of a number of younger children constrained him to bring increased energy to the business of making money. The pressure of his new responsibility intimately acquainted him with the hardships of the newsboy's life. The trade was in a chaotic condition. The managers of the great dailies were careless and inconsiderate in their treatment of the newsboys. For example, they refused to accept "returns"—that is, they declined to refund money upon unsold papers. A lad might buy forty or perhaps fifty papers at five o'clock some clear, sunny afternoon. In half an hour a squall might blow up out of the sea. His usual patrons would be driven from the streets, keep to their offices, or hurry to their homes without their customary papers. The investment for the afternoon would in such a case be a total loss. Moreover, the papers played upon the speculative instincts of the boys, offered special inducements in the form of reduced prices to the earliest comers and the largest buyers. This practice created a body of middlemen, "Canada points," they were called, who followed the well-established business rule of buying at the lowest available rate and selling at the dearest. The result was that a faction of the newsboys, the middlemen, were steadily tempted to fleece the retailers who composed the working masses of the trade, and much ill feeling was engendered. Unhappily, too, this method resulted in a brutal competition in which the physically stronger, the older and craftier ones, almost invariably won, and the younger boys, the children who were being driven by necessity to earn a living, bore the brunt of an unjust system. But the worst part of the business was that the practice put a premium upon the neglect of school. Boys who went to school lost their perfect freedom of movement; their hours were regulated by other considerations than the uncertain exigencies of the newspaper press; they were likely to be second and last in the competition for wholesale rates. On the other hand, the boys who could contrive to lounge about the newspaper offices and the adjoining streets throughout the day reaped the harvest of "extras" and early editions, and also secured what virtually amounted to rebates on the regular issues. Hanging about newspaper offices, again, involved hours of restive idleness, and idleness and the love of diversion led the boys to gamble, to squander their earnings at craps and pitch-penny.

Sodekson and a number of his friends who suffered from these evils took counsel together. He was sixteen at the time, and his comrades were for the most part equally young. But observation and experience had already taught them the advantages of co-operation. They had read of the labor movement in America and of the valuable results that had been secured for workingmen by the labor organizations. They determined upon a union. After perfecting a preliminary organization they applied to the American Federation of Labor for a charter. The charter was granted, and on the first of May, 1901, the Newsboys' Protective Union was officially registered as "9077, A. F. of L."

Immediately the Union began to regulate the business of the trade. In ap-

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proved fashion, a committee of three approached the manager of one of Boston's principal dailies with regard to the matter of unsold copies. They asked the newspaper to agree to take back and refund money upon ten per cent. of all unsold papers. The manager of the journal, refusing to take either the representatives of the Union or their request seriously, not only rejected the proposition but took occasion to make sport of it. The Union decided to employ coercion, and declared a boycott. The members of the organization agreed not to handle the paper in question. At considerable sacrifice of their immediate financial interests the boys remained constant to their agreement, and the result was a surprise not only to the manager of the paper but to the newsboys themselves. The circulation of the paper fell off rapidly, and advertisers complained. The manager invited the Union to a conference. The demand of the newsboys had proved to be, as their committee had originally asserted, a simple and reasonable business proposition. The action of the manager in soliciting a conference with the Union amounted to a confession of mistaken policy, and revealed to the boys, who, in spite of their extreme youth, are very humanly wise, the strength of their position. They had been told that they were silly children to attempt an imitation of the un-American behavior of their elders in the established labor organization. "But we answered," said Sodekson, "that all we asked was fair treatment, and that our demand was neither silly nor unusually clever, but a simple business proposition. We had asked for ten per cent. of 'returns.' Now we held out against ten per cent., against thirty per cent., against fifty per cent.; we demanded full 'returns,' and in the end we won out. To-day all except one of the Boston papers refund money on all unsold copies. Moreover, the 'Canada point' system, the system of middlemen and unfair discrimination, has been abolished. The hours of purchase and sale have been regulated. Boys who go to school are no longer at a disadvantage as compared with those who prefer to give their entire time to business. The trade of selling papers has been placed upon a secure and businesslike foundation. You know," Sodekson continued, "that newsboys used to be looked upon as objects of pity; well, nobody thinks of pitying them now. They are comparatively as well off and as much respected as any body of business men in the city."

"What are you going to do about the one newspaper that is standing out against full 'returns'?" I inquired, hoping to get some further light upon the business methods of the Union. "Will you declare another boycott?"

"No," was Sodekson's answer. "We don't care for any more notoriety. Besides, the paper that is treating us unfairly isn't of much importance, and we believe that we can bring its owner to terms without a boycott. The trouble came about in this way. The paper had a small circulation. In order to get the boys to push it, the owner offered to sell them a hundred copies at the same price at which he and the managers of the other newspapers were accustomed to sell us ten, on the condition that we should ask for no 'returns.' This was a fair risk, and we accepted his proposition. But when the circulation of the newspaper had increased sufficiently to seem to justify such action, the owner came back to the old price, six cents for ten copies, but he didn't come back to full 'returns.' Having once established the practice of no returns by offering a hundred copies of his paper instead of ten, he decided to maintain it even after his original concession had been revoked. The manager who tried this same scheme on one of the other papers lost his job. In this case it is the owner who is directing the policy of the paper. A committee of the Union called upon him, but he wouldn't listen to their reasoning. As a result, the boys have been instructed to buy no more of his papers than their regular customers absolutely demand. We intend to educate the readers of the offending paper to buy a paper that is fair. We are not worrying much about the outcome."

In their present quiet fight, as in the more spectacular ones that have gone before it, the newsboys will probably win

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their contention, for they are patient, remarkably loyal to one another, and very careful to ask only what they feel sure is just. I have never met a more gentlemanly, a more sensible, or a more modest group of boys and young men. Their purpose is not predatory. They want nothing more than fair play and an open field. Their ambition is well and clearly stated in their constitution. Under the heading "Objects," Section 1 of Article II. reads: "To elevate the moral, social, and intellectual condition of our members, to uphold our rights, and advance our interests as newsboys." Mr. Sodekson, with whom and with other members of the Union I have spent pleasant hours, took me to the window of the Union's office. We looked down upon Pie Alley, a narrow thoroughfare for pedestrians in the heart of the newspaper district. I remembered it as a place where groups of young boys, newsboys, messenger-boys, and bootblacks, guarded by sentinels against the incursions of the police, used to exchange their pennies over dice and other gambling devices. The place was entirely empty of its former frequenters. "The Union has done what the police were never able to accomplish," said Sodekson. "No boy who gambles is admitted to membership in the Union. Because of the advantages which the Union has won for its members, all newsboys are ambitious to be admitted to the organization. You see what the result has been."

When, six years ago, Sodekson took the initiative in organizing the Union, his chief aim had to do with the economic problem about which their harsh experience had taught him and his fellows a good deal. When the initial object of the Union had been attained, Sodekson was approaching his majority. He had won his way to the position of assistant circulation manager of the paper which has possibly the largest circulation in Boston and New England. He saw two lines of advancement open to him, the one purely commercial, the other leading to the editorial rooms. The latter avenue was open to him, but his imperfect education made it difficult, and, indeed, with his growing domestic responsibilities, almost impossible, for him to enter it. Moreover, his activity in behalf of himself and his comrades in the Union had brought him into contact with many men prominent in the business and social world of Boston. He had been impressed by the dignity and orderliness of their bearing. He learned that most of them were college men, and he was persuaded that they owed their poise and superior breadth of vision to their college training. He began to regret his neglect of the high school. It was now too late for him to prepare himself for college; but he had caught the spirit of helpfulness, and he busied his mind with devices by which both he and the hundreds of boys who were in his predicament or on their way to it might secure some of the advantages of the higher education they had foregone. At his suggestion the Union invited distinguished men to address their meetings. At one of these Mr. William Jennings Bryan made a statement that was virtually adopted as the slogan of the Union. "Boys, get an idea," he said to them. "Let it be a good one, and stick to it. In a short time the idea will carry you." At a subsequent meeting President Eliot addressed them. He gave them the idea they felt they were looking for. He convinced them of the superlative advantages of the higher education. He showed them how education gradually develops the power to see beauty and the power to hear it, how it brings a sense of the dignity and exaltation of human life, confers a firmer hold upon the rational, inbred, always growing ideas of duty and honor and uprightness, in the enjoyment of which lies the highest satisfaction of life and the highest function of the human soul. "In short," he said in concluding one of his addresses, "education makes better, greater, larger human beings," and it was toward education that he urged the newsboys to set their minds.

One night Sodekson, this lad who had come to America a religious exile at the age of six, and whose young life had been devoted to the inexorable task of earning, penny by penny, a living for himself and his mother, dreamed that he saw newsboys in crowds hurrying across Harvard yard to the lecture halls of the college.

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In his sleep he had imagined the gates of the university thrown wide to the sons of poor and rich alike. Harvard had become an integral part of the educational system of the commonwealth, and was as free as the grammar and high schools. At the next meeting of the Union he reported his dream. The following pathetic record I copied from the minutes of the meeting at which Sodekson told his story: "Motion was regularly made and seconded that this Union appropriate One Hundred Dollars, conditional that $4,900 can be raised from other sources, to establish a scholarship fund of $5,000. The plan is to send a member of this Union to Harvard College every year from the interest accruing from the $5,000."

The plan was submitted to President Eliot, and met with his hearty approval. He did feel that it was too bad that the newsboys should assume an additional financial burden even in so excellent a cause. But he agreed with them that they ought to be represented at Harvard, and he was generous with his time and his advice. The motion to establish the scholarship was introduced and carried on the 25th of July, 1905. By September of this year the newsboys (remember that the age of admission to the Union is thirteen and that Sodekson is barely twenty-one) had collected the sum of $2,567.16. At the instance of President Eliot, it was decided not to defer the establishment of the scholarship, and on the 30th of last September, at a large meeting in Ford Hall, over which Mr. Sodekson presided, the President and Fellows of Harvard University, assisted by the Deans of the University, the Mayor of Boston, and various citizens of wealth and distinction, formally accepted the gift of the Newsboys' Protective Union.

The effect of the scholarship upon the newsboys has been immediate and salutary. Although there are five hundred members in the Union, and although twenty-six of these were ready for graduation from the various high schools of Boston last June, only two were prepared to take the Harvard entrance examinations when the competition for the scholarship was opened. This small number is accounted for by the reason that in their eagerness to become established in business almost all of the boys had followed the commercial course, which assured them, upon graduation, immediate employment as stenographers or office clerks. At present, Mr. Sodekson told me, there are fifty members of the Union in attendance upon high schools, and almost every one of these, under the incitement of the scholarship, is taking the regular college preparatory course. All of the younger members are manifesting the greatest eagerness to continue their studies beyond the grades, through the high school to college. They seem to have caught the Bostonian passion for knowledge. In speaking of the original intention of the Union to procure five thousand dollars, Mr. Sodekson, in opening the scholarship dedicatory celebration, said: "We tried hard enough to get it, but up to the present time we have not succeeded. But we are not disappointed. We have lots of patience. We expect to raise at least that sum, and we are going to have more than five thousand dollars; for instead of having only one boy at Harvard each year, we propose to send a hundred. We remember all the good advice President Eliot has given us at our meetings, especially what he said about reading and books, and the fruits of our labor you are going to see at Harvard in the future."

Let me repeat, in conclusion, a story told me by a newsboy on the streets of Boston, which charmingly illustrates the unselfish fervor with which the members of the Union are pursuing their dream of a college education. Of the two boys who this year competed for the scholarship, Landersman, who fell one point short of the successful candidate, was known as Sodekson's "enemy;" they had been rivals both in the meetings of the Union and in business. Sodekson knew that Landersman, who had received honorable mention for the excellence of his examination papers, would not be able to attend the University without financial aid. On the day after the awarding of the scholarship by President Eliot, Sodekson had procured fifty dollars towards the hundred and fifty required for Landersman's tuition, and,

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together with other members of the Union, had gone Landersman's security for the remaining hundred dollars. The incident is characteristic not only of Sodekson, but of all the members of the Union, and is an interesting mark of the increasing part that mutual aid is playing in our civilization.

A NATION OF INVESTORS

BY JOHN MOODY

The publication of the following article seems to the editors a proper occasion for repeating an editorial announcement which The Outlook made just two years ago this present month, under the title "Protection of the Investor:"

"The Outlook does not propose, nor is it qualified, to give specific advice about specific investments. But there are one or two general principles which it believes ought to guide the action of the ordinary investor who is not a financial expert.

"First, do not invest in enterprises which promise a quick and large return upon your money, unless you can afford to lose the investment, and therefore are willing to take that risk.

"Second, when in doubt about the wisdom of an investment, consult an expert of established reputation.

"During the period of great industrial and financial prosperity that this country has been enjoying for the last half-dozen years, hundreds of financial schemes have proved disastrous to the investors who were attracted to them by such advertising. It has been the practice of The Outlook in the past, and it will continue to be its practice in the future, to scrutinize and investigate carefully all such advertisements; in pursuance of this practice it has during the past few years declined financial advertisements amounting in value to a good many thousands of dollars. But it is the experience, not only of The Outlook, but of many other periodicals in this country, that such specific examination of financial advertisements does not always prevent the presentation of undesirable financial schemes to the reading public. In view, therefore, of the principles which The Outlook has here stated for the guidance of its readers, it announces that hereafter it will accept no order for the advertising of any investment securities for which it is unable to obtain a satisfactory and regular market quotation at some recognized stock exchange or board of trade, or from banks or brokers of unquestioned reputation. In this way The Outlook hopes to contribute its own individual part to the great National movement for the protection of the investor."—THE EDITORS.

THE investment of money is a business, just as the manufacture of shoes and the selling of food are businesses. But modern investing is even more than a business; it is a science. It is influenced by and covers all businesses, all enterprises, all industry. In the early days of the Republic the situation was of course somewhat different. At that time there was but little wealth, and therefore little capital. Population was sparse, privation was great, men were absorbed in holding body and soul together, in feeding and clothing themselves, rather than in seeking for luxuries. There was no leisure class in those days, and, as a consequence, no investing class. For then an investing class could only be drawn from a leisure class. Nowadays investors are made up from all classes, and a vast amount of money which is invested in stocks and bonds and other enterprises is the money of the poor, of the moderately well-to-do, and of the industrious, as well as of the merely rich and the non-industrious or idle. One hundred years ago only a very few could spare anything beyond their daily needs for investment in outside things. If they accumulated any wealth at all above their cost of living, it was used to buy or build a home, raise and educate a family, or develop a small undertaking of their own. And indeed, even though they acquired or possessed surplus wealth, practically the only forms of investment accessible were Government securities or loans upon realty. There were no railways, trolley companies, manufactur-

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ing enterprises of large size, or other fields for the productive employment of surplus capital. Even savings banks were practically unknown, and mining or exploration enterprises were largely of that uncertain, speculative nature that only the boldest and least timorous would look favorably upon.

But to-day the field of investment covers enterprises of every conceivable nature. Manufacturing corporations covering every thinkable need or luxury of the human being, distributing concerns selling every kind and class of necessity and luxury in the line of food, clothing, or what not, are all embraced in the investment field. Transportation methods of every kind, from the stage-coach to the powerful locomotive, from the coal-cart to the automobile, are operated with the capital of investors. Our department stores, our restaurants, our candy manufactories, our theaters, our magazines and newspapers, the advertisements in the street-cars, many of the metropolitan barber-shops, the bootblack stands and the news-stands, and bookstores, are operated by corporations, the capital in which is largely derived from investors. Not a large building is now put up on lower Broadway but that an enormous corporation puts in the foundation, another corporation erects the superstructure, and still others put on the finishing touches, all being concerns whose shares or bonds are owned by investors in all parts of the country. The hats we wear, the umbrellas we carry, the suit of clothes, the shoes, the socks, the shave we had this morning or the ham we ate this noon—all these were shaped and produced to a large extent by the money of investors. When we realize that one corporation in this country boasts of nearly one hundred thousand stockholders, and that many others are known to have over fifty thousand, we begin to get a slight idea of the magnitude of the investment field.

But this is not all. Not only is all modern business enterprise essentially the investor's field, but all the obligations of municipalities, of counties, cities, and States, are held by investors. The governments themselves build up their navies and armies, carry on wars, and develop public works with the money of investors. A case in point is our own Panama Canal. And not only do the investors of one country supply funds for their own activities, but they also supply much for the activities of other nations. Thus, when the American is investing money in a Mexican copper mine or in Japanese Government bonds, he is supplying investment funds for undertakings in those countries, and when the Englishman or Frenchman buys our railway or industrial bonds or stocks, he is supplying investment capital for undertakings in our own country. The investor's field in this country would seem therefore to be limited only by the wealth of the country itself.

But what about the methods for investing money? Where does the money come from? Does it all come into Wall Street and the other financial centers, or does it flow directly from the pockets of the investors into the undertaking or enterprise itself?

Speaking broadly, there are two methods by which money is invested in any given enterprise. These are, direct and indirect. The person who places money directly, or through a broker or banker, in a specific enterprise or undertaking, is a direct investor. He personally becomes the stock or bond holder in a corporation of his own choosing. But the man who deposits his money in a savings bank, insurance or trust company, or State or National bank, is an indirect investor. His money goes from the institution into an investment of some sort, where it earns the interest which he receives, and possibly a little more. In the former case he sees his money at work; it stays presumably in the place where he put it. In the latter case he delegates the matter of actual investment to another—to the bank—which acts in the capacity of a trustee and invests his money for him. And in both cases the money may easily be invested in the same enterprise. Thus, in the latter case, he may place his money in a savings bank, and the bank may then invest it in New York Central Railroad 3½ per cent. bonds. In the former case he may himself, through an investment banker, purchase New York Cen-

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tral Railroad 3½ per cent. bonds. His money is in the same enterprise in both instances, the chief difference being that in one case he knows it, in the other he does not.

This brief sketch of the investment field which obtains in this country to-day will give a rough idea of the breadth of the subject under discussion. And, in taking this broad view, we must bear the fact in mind that this is not a stationary condition, for the American investment field is broadening and intensifying every day. It is not only growing in size and volume, but also in density. We, even more, I think, than most other modern nations, are going through a quiet, steady, but most remarkable evolution in the methods of wealth production and distribution. Ten years ago we were referred to as "a nation of investors," but this appellation is far more appropriate to-day than it was then. The changes during the past ten years in this respect are in no way better illustrated than in the remarkable expansion of Wall Street. The mere growth of stock exchange business, while great in itself, is not a complete guide in this matter. We must necessarily take into consideration the vast expansion of investment business outside of the stock exchange floor.

While there are no accurate figures for demonstration, the acknowledged fact that a hundred first-class investment houses exist in the Street to-day where ten existed in 1896 is evidence enough in itself that the expansion has been great. In 1896 or 1897, if an investment bond house bought or sold $500,000 or $1,000,000 of bonds in one block or at one time, the fact was heralded far and wide as a notable event; nowadays such transactions and much larger ones are constantly going through, and create no comment whatever. In those days, if a bond or investment firm made half a million dollars in any one year, it was regarded as a most remarkable showing; but at the present time dozens of houses can be pointed out in the Street that are making this or a better showing every year. To-day single firms buy entire issues of bonds or stocks sometimes running into the tens of millions in amount; ten years ago this was unheard of, and usually a "million-dollar loan" was regarded as of such magnitude that it required a syndicate of half a dozen or more concerns to underwrite it. In the field of stock speculation and trading, in those days, a business of 15,000 shares in one day was regarded as very large. To-day many firms do a business of 50,000 to 100,000 shares per day right along. Then a firm carrying on margin $5,000,000 worth of stocks was a large firm; to-day many are constantly carrying from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 worth. In the actual banking field the expansion has been equally great. Now many banks and trust companies in the city of New York can boast of deposits of $40,000,000 and over; in those days none could. And yet there are now three times the banking facilities in New York that there were in 1896.

While Wall Street is the main center of investment, it alone has not enjoyed all the expanding. Other cities, all over the land, can now boast of financial and investment centers of no mean extent. In most cases they have close alliances with the main center in New York, but they are all sharing in the general expansion of this particular phase of modern commercial advancement.

The fact should be consistently borne in mind that this great investment field is constantly being accelerated from several sources. Not only does it benefit by the steady growth of population and general development of the country, but it expands steadily because of the fact that it is becoming increasingly necessary to do things more and more on a large scale, and this tendency automatically involves the elimination of the smaller producer and competitor, and forces a steadily expanding element into the field of investment. Even the busy workers of to-day, as well as the leisure classes and those who pursue the professions, find it profitable to place their surplus funds more and more into enterprises outside of their chosen environment. It is this exceptional tendency of modern civilization that has much to do in gradually making the investor class of greater and greater importance in every part of the country.

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LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY

BY GEORGE HODGES

Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts

STANFORD University grows in the soil of California like the live-oak and the eucalyptus, a characteristic product. The red of its roofs is like the red flowers of the pepper-trees, and the yellow of its stone walls matches the bloom of the acacias. It is on friendly terms with the landscape.

Professor James, who was spending some months at the University lecturing in the department of Philosophy, found the surrounding country much like Greece. The southern orchards and vineyards, the wooded hills and the sky of opalescent fire, seemed to him like Athens. To me the suggestion was of Palestine and the land around Jerusalem—a place which I have never visited. It is true that Mr. Howells remarked about the Back Bay, as seen from Harvard Bridge, that it was said to look like Venice—by people who have never been in Venice! But the trees of California are the trees of Canaan—the palm and the fig—and the coast line of the Pacific from San Diego to Portland is like the coast line of the Mediterranean from Joppa to Antioch, each coast having two harbors. By many Californians these comparisons were taken as compliments to Palestine and Greece. Several companies of highly intelligent persons listened with great gravity to the statement that California is a good deal like the Holy Land—geographically; and saw no significance in the added word. One was reminded of the man who returned from Europe and declared that Paris is the Seattle of France. To the good Californian California is the holy land and the promised land, and the best thing to be said about Stanford University is that it is in California, and belongs there.

This situation of the University has not only a geographical but a psychological meaning. Mr. James examined it with interest, but without coming to a conclusion. One question which was raised in his mind was as to the effect of the climate on the mental processes. In California the houses are uncomfortable and the fields are delightful all the year round. The chill interior sends the citizen out of doors. Originally, the California house was a place in which to sleep and under whose roof to keep things out of the wet during the rainy season. People lived for the most part under the sky. And this tradition continues at Stanford, where the climate is better than in San Francisco. Somebody said that the proper attire for San Francisco is a linen "duster" with a fur collar, but at Palo Alto and parts adjacent the extremes are not so great. The fog rolls by from the sea and perches on the tops of the coast hills and looks over into the Santa Clara valley, but it seldom climbs down to invade the valley towns. The result is that people live much in the open. Students get their lessons in the shade of the live-oaks. Are they likely to get them as well as the Eastern student whose feet are on the fender? On the one hand, by virtue of the climate, one may work at his books all the year round. On the other hand, under the trees, in the midst of the delightful distractions of nature, the mind tends to wander; concentration is difficult. There it is, an undecided question, waiting for Stanford students to demonstrate the answer in their own experience.

Another question was as to the effect of the singular newness of the place. The earthquake has called attention to the fact that the Pacific coast is one of the unfinished portions of the planet. Great banks of lava were pointed out to me in the neighborhood of the University. They were cold enough, and some that I saw in Arizona or New Mexico had snow on them, but they had once been white hot, like old controversies now obsolete. The hills, too, had a new look, like the sides of yesterday's excavations. The edges were sharp and jagged. One understood why they were called "the

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Saws"—the Sierras. Some of them had a curious resemblance to the complicated folds of drapery which are seen in antique statues. The winds and rains had not had time to wear them down and make them round and smooth, as in New England.

Corresponding with this is a remarkable human newness. The footsteps of past races have left hardly any impression on these sharp hills or in the soil of these fertile valleys. The only Indian monuments are occasional piles of oyster-shells, which mark the site of an aboriginal kitchen door. The Spanish Missions are only a little more than a century old. It is a land without settled traditions. They who live in it are not restrained by any old ways of doing things. The University is new. Fifteen years ago the land on which the great buildings stand was a field of wheat. The students of the present day are making traditions, and the teachers are working out new problems, and old problems also, in new ways. Nobody can rise up in the faculty meeting and urge the arguments of precedent. All the processes of education are in a fluid state, to be poured into such molds as contemporary wisdom may prefer. The faculty is made up of young men. President Jordan was born in 1851, and was graduated at Cornell in 1872. He was the first teacher at Stanford; all the others have come at his invitation. Every year the faculty baseball nine plays the seniors. They showed me a photograph of President Jordan at the bat. I cannot imagine President Eliot, or President Hadley, or President Tucker, or President Angell in a like attitude. At Stanford they are all young together—students and teachers, surrounded by the young hills and shaping the destinies of a young commonwealth.

I remember a conversation in a professor's room at Palo Alto, three days before the earthquake, in which the architecture of the University was compared with that of the old Missions. For Stanford, as most people know, is Californian not only in spirit but in structure. There are two quadrangles, an outer and an inner, and the buildings which make these two squares—the smaller within the larger—are connected by pillared and arched corridors, such as the Spanish friars of St. Francis used for their cloister walks. It was agreed that while nobility of line is independent of age, it takes a good many years of human use to make a building interesting. The old Missions are most of them in ruins, and those that remain, like the large one at Santa Barbara, are much patched and battered, but they have about them an indescribable quality which no brand-new edifice, fresh from the mason's hands, can possibly possess. Somebody said carelessly that what Stanford needed was to be a bit begrimed and frayed at the corners; it might profitably be struck by lightning or shaken by an earthquake! And there we sat for an hour on the very edge of the earthquake and talked lightly about the tremors of the planet.

The Stanford buildings will never again look monotonously new. They have been through an experience whose marks they will bear like the lines of a face. That is worth a good deal; though not, perhaps, so much as has been paid for it. At the same time, the University in every department of its life is older, profitably older, than it was on Easter Day. It has passed, by the sharp crisis of the earthquake, out of the first chapter of its history into the second. This transition has been in process over a year, ever since the death of Mrs. Stanford. What the earthquake did was to finish up the first chapter somewhat abruptly.

Stanford differs from every other college on earth in the circumstances of its foundation and maintenance. The favorite Californian formula, "in the world," fits it precisely; except that you cannot say that it is the biggest in the world, or even the richest in the world. It is simply the only one in the world; the only college founded by a single family and maintained to this day by a domestic benefaction. There is a good deal of carving of commemorated names about the Stanford buildings. But all the names begin with S and end with d. Nobody but a Stanford has ever had anything to do with it. There have been offers of gifts of one sort or another, but the offers have been courteously

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declined. Moreover, up to the day of Mrs. Stanford's death she controlled the University. She did it well; on the financial side, remarkably well. She selected a strong board of trustees, and conferred with them frankly. She called a wise and able president, and gave him a free hand in the shaping and directing of academic policies. But it was her college. For a long time, owing to certain civil conditions, the whole property stood in her name. She was the mother of the University; she was herself the Alma Mater. She deserved all deference, and the trustees and the president deferred to her, and in so doing showed their good sense.

Such a situation, however, has its disadvantages. It seriously narrows the circle of interest. The abiding strength of a college is in the number of the people who regard it as a personal possession. Its deep foundation is in the hearts of those who have had a part in the construction of its buildings, in the endowment of its chairs, in the furnishing of its library, in the increase of its facilities. These are its friends. They love it. When an opportunity comes, they help it, contributing money and ideas and influence, and maintaining its good name. Such a college is broad-based as a mountain or a State. Even an earthquake cannot shake it. It is not so much a group of halls and houses as a social fact, vital and enduring. There was, no doubt, a time when people thought of New College at Oxford as the personal property of William of Wykeham. He had established and endowed it. Every stone of it belonged to him. To this day his name is revered there, after six centuries. His crosier is shown to visitors, like Mrs. Stanford's state dresses in the University museum. But the large life of New College began when, after William, came a long line of scholars with shining names, and benefactors with precious gifts. So it will be with Stanford.

The personal quality is everywhere apparent at Stanford. To the casual visitor it is the distinctive note of the academic life. It is so easy to see and so easy to criticise that common report has magnified it out of all proportion. For example, the Memorial Church before the earthquake was one of the most imposing religious structures in this country. Built on the lines of Trinity Church in Boston, but much larger, with good windows and a wealth of glowing mosaics, its cross dominated all the buildings of the University, and all the life of the place was measured by the recurring music of its chime of bells. Its façade, with the Sermon on the Mount in gold and color shining in the sun, was one of the fairest "in the world." Of all this, the descriptions which were given me in the East told almost nothing. They dwelt upon the queer wording of the inscription over the entrance, and upon the acrobatic exercises of the marble apostles in the chancel, and upon the grotesque awfulness of the All-seeing Eye. I had an idea that the most prominent object in the church was the All-seeing Eye. I expected to be transfixed by it the moment I entered the door. As a matter of fact, I never saw it. I was told that by standing under the center of the lantern and looking straight up I could see it if I would. I saw people looking at it during the sermon, and probably guessing what would happen if the great tear should splash down upon the congregation. But I never looked. I have no doubt that it was very queer. I can understand why people smile at the inscription to "my husband," and at the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, *and Love*, and are amused rather than edified by the twelve apostles. I myself ventured to remark to a Stanford professor that the twelve apostles were pointing in six different directions; to which he replied that that was a fair symbol of our divided Christendom. But all these are petty matters. I suppose that in the reconstruction they will be removed. They ought to be, for the sake of Mrs. Stanford's memory. It is too bad that the founder of a great university should be exposed, by reason of these things, to the amusement of tourists.

The personal note at Stanford is touched most significantly in a bronze group near the memorial arch. There stand Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, and between them the boy Leland, their only son. The slender lad is looking out

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into the vistas of that life of promise which was for him a dream rather than an experience. The father and mother have their arms about him. It is profoundly pathetic. It probably means little to the boys and girls who pass it daily as they cross the memorial court with books under their arms, but their parents, who come up to see how John or William is getting on, stop and look at it with eyes of understanding and sympathy. It is a very simple and domestic group. Mr. Stanford's watch-chain and Mrs. Stanford's lace collar are done in detail. They are all three dressed in American clothes—ugly, perhaps, from the artistic view, but nevertheless the real thing. That is how they looked. Not one of them was ever attired in a toga. The only togas that they ever saw were the red and striped ones of their early neighbors, the Indians of the pueblos. Meissonier painted a portrait of Senator Stanford seated in an armchair and surrounded with gilt-edged books. Probably he never read a gilt-edged book in his life, except the Bible. The sculptor has excelled the painter. One of the most interesting and valuable facts about Stanford University is that it was established by plain people who had missed the privileges of an early education, and who wished to give other young folks a better chance. There they stand, in all their honest plainness, in their frank and beautiful domestic affection. In the capitals of many pillars of the corridors is carved a heart. It has the same meaning as the memorial group. It is a symbol of the parental affection and bereavement that brought the University into being.

With the death of Mrs. Stanford, a year ago, the period of personal administration ended. Now, with the restoration after the earthquake, the trustees for the first time definitely assume their vast responsibilities. Hereafter Stanford is, like other colleges, an academic corporation. The new chapter begins happily with a strong faculty and a good body of students under a wise president. Of the twelve hundred undergraduates, five hundred are women. The plan is to keep these numbers about as they are at present, and to follow a policy of intensive education. Those who appear not to understand the purposes of academic life will be quietly permitted to separate themselves from the institution. The college will be a training place for citizens of influence. The number of young women is already restricted by statute, and the results are in every way satisfactory. Stanford is singular among co-educational colleges as being a place where co-education is a pride and joy. Commonly, the young men in such colleges hate it. Much as they may approve of girls in general and even in particular, they wish that the "co-ed" girls were in a female seminary in Jericho. But at Stanford the boys think that the girls are fine. And, indeed, they are.

The prevailing intellectual interests at Stanford are in the study of science. The chemistry building is of imposing proportions, and biology and zoölogy occupy large structural spaces. Latin and Greek and English, though admirably taught, have a small constituency. This, of course, is, like the climate and the scenery, a part of the local situation. It is likely, however, to change as the commonwealth of California grows older. There is a good deal of religious life, fostered by the influence of a resident chaplain. To him the students go freely and in unusual numbers with their various difficulties, giving him their affection and confidence to an extent which, so far as I know, is unequaled anywhere else. The chapel is several sizes too large for the University, and the congregation seems small, but the students attend as well as in any place where religion is elective. If the fall of the chapel tower results in a better adaptation of the building to the needs of the students, the earthquake will have brought a blessing with it. The present plan of administration of the chapel is to reinforce the work of the resident chaplain by the temporary services of clergymen from the East, importing one or two in each year for a term of two or three months. Such visitors will find at Palo Alto a great university, nobly housed, magnificently endowed, prudently administered, progressive, hospitable, and hopeful, a mighty factor in the future of the West.

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Comment on Current Books

Bob Hampton of Placer

"Bob Hampton of Placer" is one of the good Western stories—not especially literary, but thoroughly interesting, and excellent in plot and characters. The little heroine, Naida, has considerable original charm, and the men of the book are something more than conventional types. The story deals with the period of the Custer Massacre; the action has dramatic point, and although the conversations are sometimes stilted and the style lacks finish, the book fulfills so many of the vital requirements that it will give general pleasure. Mr. Keller presents a delightful little figure of the girl in his frontispiece. (Bob Hampton of Placer. By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50.)

Calendars and Picture Books

The publishing firm of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, send The Outlook a large number of illustrated and illuminated calendars, reprints of famous poems, picture-books for children, holiday cards, poems, and pictures, many of them quaintly designed, and not a few of them possessing real beauty. It would be impossible for The Outlook even to mention one by one this large collection of holiday and gift literature; but we take pleasure in saying that among them almost every one may find something for a holiday present or to serve in lieu of a Christmas card, to suit a wide range of taste, and varying in price from a fraction of a dollar to several dollars. Three or four may be mentioned as representing different classes rather than because they are actually the best of the collection. Such are, "Old Ballads," illustrated by John Eyre; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," with colored pictures by Arthur A. Dixon; "The Calendar of Sonnets," with selected poems and excellent specimens of the German lithograph; "My Little Red Indian Book," by Mary A. Post, with grotesque and amusing pictures; "My Little Dutch Book," filled with quaint bits of child life in Holland; "The Circus Model Book," with circus pictures which may be cut out; and three little oddities in the way of miniature picture-books about "Dollyland."

Christ and the Eternal Order

A small but stimulating and important contribution to religious thought is this from the Pacific Theological Seminary. Viewing the formulas of the old orthodoxy as outgrown, and the new theology as failing to co-ordinate with the centrality of Jesus the fact of a spiritual Presence in humanity before the Incarnation, Professor Buckham endeavors to reconcile the fundamental truth of the older Christology with the present tendency of thought and interest. Christ is to him, first of all, human and historic. But he sees in humanity itself a divinity at least incipient. "If the best that is in us all is divine, he in whom the best rules absolutely is divine indeed," becoming such through the struggles which, as the Epistle to the Hebrews teaches, "perfected" him. Dr. Buckham prefers to adhere to St. John's conception of the *Logos*, or "Word," which the Greek found more needful to link the finite with the Infinite than moderns find it. This was the pre-existent element which constituted in Jesus the Eternal Christ, incarnated partially in the race apart from him, fully in him, and "raising his humanity to its highest exercise and fusing it with Deity. At least," says Dr. Buckham, "this is the nearest we can come to the interpretation of this divine mystery." The fundamental truth running through his essay is the immanence of God as the redeeming spirit of humanity, revealed perfectly in the personality of Jesus. "Christ" is to him the word which fully describes what God is, as related to human needs. And so, while recognizing the individual Jesus as belonging with us in the temporal order of the world, he points, in him and through him, to the Deity immanent in him as "the eternal," "the cosmic Christ," ever indwelling in the world as its regenerating spirit. Though not intended as an *eirenicon* between evangelical and Unitarian Christians, this essay is adapted to be such for those who can see, under language they are not accustomed to use, the fundamental truth which they accept. The book is a fine specimen of the theology which grows out of a warm and deep spiritual life. (Christ and the Eternal Order. By John Wright Buckham, D.D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1, net. Postage, 10c.)

A Chronicle of Nature's Year

As an indication of climatic, agricultural, and other conditions throughout the year, the old-fashioned almanac has long been held in deserved esteem. The almanacs have now been succeeded, to a considerable extent, by books of larger size, and even of a very large size, which have to do not only with nature in an economic but also in æsthetic and animal-life aspects. Among

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these, in its application to natural history, should be mentioned Mr. Beebe's "Log of the Sun." Mr. Beebe is Curator of Ornithology at the New York Zoölogical Park, and is even better known as the author of "The Bird" and of "Two Bird-lovers in Mexico." His latest volume is one of more general appeal. It is as well a useful gift book at this holiday season. Too heavy for the hand, it is emphatically a book for the table. But this does not mean that it is one of those tiresome tomes on particular subjects which unnecessarily lumber the table—especially in physicians' and dentists' offices. It commands, instead, a universal interest; its every page is suggestive both in text and in picture. As to the latter, there are appropriately fifty-two full-page illustrations to accompany Mr. Beebe's fifty-two short essays marking the weeks of the year, together with numerous vignettes and photographs from life. Because Mr. Beebe's essays are short it is not to be assumed that they are superficial. He gives us, it is true, bird's-eye views in wide sweeps of vision, but he also gives us bird's-eye views in more intimate glimpses, and finally he gives us insect-eye views, and it is in this special aspect of nature that his book will be of peculiar benefit. Men and women should be instructed more than they are in the beauties and the varying moods of fields and woods and in animal life, because men and women are five feet or more tall. The bird-eye or insect-eye perceives many beauties and moods hidden from less delicate vision, and it takes an authority like Mr. Beebe to supply that point of view. His words should reach a larger audience than holiday book buyers and recipients; hence we hope that a later edition may be published in smaller size and including only the most necessary illustration. (The Log of the Sun: A Chronicle of Nature's Year. By C. William Beebe. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $6, net.)

Constable's Country The county of Suffolk in England appeals both to the summer traveler and to the artist. The late Grant Allen was wont to say that no air in England equaled the air of Suffolk, and John Constable himself admitted that Suffolk scenes made him a painter. How the charms of those fields and valleys appealed to Constable has been vividly brought before the public in a well-bound, well-printed volume. Published at this holiday season, it is a capital gift book; published at any season of the year, however, it would have significance in view of present-day appreciation of a fact long unappreciated in its entire force—Constable's influence in France, not only up to his death in 1837, but especially since, in the development of the Barbizon school. This fact was notable enough to provoke the just comment that Constable's influence on contemporary English art hardly comes directly, but rather colored, as it were, through French spectacles. Mr. Tompkins gives us no formal essay on Constable, but, instead, the more instructive, informal illumination contained in a transcript of impressions written, in the first instance, by the wayside. Thus, one who has done similar service for Hertfordshire and Warwickshire knows well how to explain the peculiar hold which the valley of the Stour had on Constable, and how it was that the artist passed much of his life and obtained many of his best landscapes there. Many of those landscapes are included in the reproductions in color in this book, taken from the original paintings in the three great London galleries, the National Gallery, the National Gallery of British Art (the Tate Foundation), and the Victoria and Albert Museum. Though Gainsborough was born in Suffolk, we realize, after reading Mr. Tompkins's text or looking at these pictures, that no name is so intimately associated with that region as Constable's. The work should be read in connection with what Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Lord Windsor, Messrs. Holmes, Henderson, Brock-Arnold, and Wedmore have written on Constable. It is a satisfaction that so much has been published within the past few years about the great artist, whose originality and whose truth to nature were alike remarkable, and whose influence on modern landscape art in Europe has been greater, perhaps, than that of any other painter of the nineteenth century. (In Constable's Country. By Herbert W. Tompkins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.)

Gipsy Smith Readers of The Outlook already know the main points in the life of this remarkable man. So also do the far greater number who have formed his audiences here this autumn, and have heard and met him during his five preceding visits to our country. It is enough to say to these, and should be enough to say to the general public, that this volume gives the story of his life from its beginning as a Gypsy child, and of his work as an evangelist in four continents, dating from the time when he became a Christian and forsook the Gypsy life, in his seventeenth year. It is given to the world "with a diffidence amounting almost to reluctance" in response to "persistent requests." These requests are fully justified by the book itself. It is needless

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to commend it further than by reference to the Introductions given by such men as G. Campbell Morgan and Alexander McLaren. (Gipsy Smith: His Life and Work. By Himself. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1, net.)

Gray Mist "Gray Mist" is a pleasantly written story, but it is curiously deficient in the dramatic quality which justifies a tragic ending, and there is every reason for averting the final catastrophe. It is a novel of Breton life, in which there is more atmosphere than action, and while the last few chapters are somewhat rapid and effective, they are not prepared for, and they present a situation not good to contemplate. (Gray Mist. By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50, net.)

Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Mr. Clifton Johnson has a faculty all his own of entering easily and pleasantly into the life of the common people wherever he may go. The valley of the Mississippi as he followed it gave him many opportunities to study phases of American life which belong distinctly in the category of "highways and byways." New Orleans itself, with its reminiscences of semi-foreign origin; the country districts behind the levees on the lower Mississippi (called by Mr. Johnson "the land of mosquitoes and alligators," and adjoining what is called with equal exactness "the land of rice and sugar"); negro work and negro humor in the cotton patches of Tennessee; the primitive conditions of travel in "Arkansaw;" the meeting of the waters at Cairo; and so on through "Mark Twain's country" and to the Minnesota prairies and Wisconsin forests—all the places were studied, not as the tourist, or the scientist, or the collector of industrial statistics would study them, but from the standpoint of human nature, and with the enlivenment of picturesque and quaint character. The book is eminently readable, while from the pictorial side it has the advantage of scores of Mr. Johnson's own photographs. (Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley. By Clifton Johnson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2, net.)

A Hoosier Story A thoroughly commonplace story. (Hearts and the Cross. By Harold Morton Kramer. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The Illustrious O'Hagan Two young Irishmen, twins and easily mistaken one for the other, are plunged into the intrigue and romance of a petty German court (imaginary, of course), and their diverse characters lead to a comedy of errors. Lightly amusing, but of very little weight or force, is this novel. (The Illustrious O'Hagan. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

The Impersonator A superfluous story of Washington society. The plot is based on Mary Lang's impersonation of the young art student whose aunt has invited her from Paris to Washington, the arrival of the real niece forming the climax after a series of complications. (The Impersonator. By Mary Imlay Taylor. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

Liberty and Other Sermons No one who knows Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, would expect from him any but strong words, made fresh and fleet by sincerity. Such are the words of these short, direct sermons. Their forcefulness is due, not to any picturesqueness of ornament, but to their freight of truth. The first sermon, which gives the title to the volume, presents liberty, physical, political, or religious, as not independence, which often hampers it, but as adjustment to environment. Two of the sermons are based, unconventionally, on passages from Shakespeare. Of these two the second, "Othello Preaches," deals with marriage between dissimilar races. It is an interpretation of the aversion to "mixed marriages." The last two addresses are, significantly, one on loyalty to America, the other on loyalty to Christ. The volume closes with an *envoi*, which may be called Bishop Brent's interpretation of the preacher's work. Incidentally it explains the forcefulness of his own messages. At the risk of mutilating it, we quote these few lines:

"Whose pen with skill depicts the better way
More knowingly could tell a tragic tale
Of barren vows and frequent battles lost.
And yet no counsel e'er took winsome form
Save when the lips that taught its wise behests
Had been bit through and through by teeth close clenched
In purpose to incarnate in the life
The graces preached."

(Liberty and Other Sermons. By the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1, net.)

A Manual of Theology This volume by a seasoned theologian of the old school, with one foot across the threshold of advancing thought, is of special interest as exhibiting, in connection with the treatment of its author by British Wesleyans, the reactionary spirit of that influential body. For half a dozen years his published teachings concerning the future life have disquieted them. Last year, as the readers of The Outlook will remember, they permitted

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him to retire from the chair which he had occupied for some twenty years in their college at Richmond as their foremost theologian, rather than permit him to continue his publications. And yet this book, containing his revised and ripest thought, runs almost wholly on the traditional line, accepting even the now fatally discredited dogma that the human race was "ruined" as soon as created by the disobedience of the first man, even physical death being part of the alleged penalty thereby brought on all men. So, at the other end of history, Dr. Beet teaches "the bodily return" of Christ, "to lay his hand on the wheels of time and stop them forever." Between this Alpha and Omega no time-hallowed belief is disturbed, except that, in deference to intellectual necessity, the notion of an inerrant book is relinquished for the preferred idea of an adequate authority in Holy Scripture. What the Wesleyans could not brook is Dr. Beet's declaration that the New Testament does not plainly teach that "the lost" are destined to conscious suffering hereafter without end, but only that their state is one of an irrecoverable ruin which is not precisely defined. With this his doctrine of immortality coheres, viz., that an endlessly permanent existence is not a Biblical doctrine, although survival of death is. On such grounds as these British Wesleyans were content to let their veteran teacher go without a word of regret. That the same temper exists among American Methodists toward some of their foremost scholars there is, unfortunately, too much evidence. In his preface Dr. Beet administers a merited rebuke to the obscurantism of many religious teachers, whose policy of silence on mooted questions, though seeming prudent for themselves, has a mischievous effect on intelligent inquirers. (A Manual of Theology. By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $2.75.)

The One Way Out — This is a very cheap conception of London society, or any group of men and women. Apart from its holiday make-up the novelette has little to commend it. (The One Way Out. By Bettina von Hutten. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Orbit of Life — Dr. Herridge has something to say that is worth hearing both for the matter and the manner of it. In these short studies on the large subject of human experience he sees life whole, both in extent and content, and aims both to show it as he sees it, and to redeem it from monotony and triviality by putting its emphasis in the right place. "The Realist," he observes, "cannot fairly be said to earn that name, if he is content to wallow in muddy waters when, higher up, the stream runs pure." He insists upon the old Delphic, Socratic lesson, *Know Thyself*. "If we would make the most of our time with others, we must have some time with ourselves;" a habit of reflection is essential to practical efficiency; "a character nurtured in secret must needs be, in some form or other, rewarded openly." A word of justice to "the eternal feminine" is said in the chapter "In Defense of Xanthippe." Thoughtful readers of these engaging essays will welcome more. (The Orbit of Life. By William T. Herridge, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1, net.)

The Pilgrim's Staff — Lyrics of spiritual insight, of contemplative vision, of illumined joy and sorrow, of self-inspection and of self-confidence, from Spenser to Stevenson, are here bound together. This little volume is a book for a mood. There are times when the spirit finds such a support grateful. Though there are lacking some poems that one might expect in even so small a collection as this, those that are included have been discriminatingly selected. They are printed with excellent taste. (The Pilgrim's Staff. Selected and Arranged by FitzRoy Carrington. Duffield & Co., New York. 75c. Postage, 5c.)

The Polish Jew — In this volume one finds in his native home a character often transplanted to our own, and forming nearly as large a part of the population there as his co-religionists from all countries form here. Eight years' residence in Poland, during which momentous changes in Jewish sentiment and action have taken place there, and her immediate contact with the representatives of parties, as well as with actual facts and events in Poland, enable the writer to speak with authority. We shall better understand the Polish Jew who settles among us through the introduction here given us to the economic and social environment that has stamped his character. Comparatively few Jews in Poland have assimilated themselves to Polish culture. Eighty per cent. belong to the proletariat. These emigrate hither, and with these chiefly this volume is concerned. The children of the ghetto, ill nourished and physically deteriorating, swell the ranks of revolution and banditism with revolvers and bombs. The All-Jewish Labor League, popularly known as the "Bund," is indeed a formidable organization, whose ranks and resources are reinforced by many sons of the educated *Intelligentia*, or professional class. The terrible record of their deeds here given depicts

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a state of anarchy. Yet the Bund gains recruits daily, while the Zionist is regarded with hostility. The secret of the Bundist's power is that he appeals to "the latent ambitions and anti-Christianism of the Jewish masses" in their oppressed condition. Rather than renounce the Bund on the promise of life and ultimate freedom, two young Jewesses, caught in a bomb factory, preferred to be shot. There is a tinge of needless apprehension in the author's view of the immigration of "that wonderful people whom no amount of oppression, persecution, or injustice has been able to conquer." It is a strong and desirable fiber which, when assimilated to free institutions, they add to the multiple strand of American life. (The Polish Jew: His Social and Economic Value. By Beatrice C. Baskerville. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.)

Power to Regulate Corporations

Mr. Hendrick's volume on corporations is for the professional student and for reference rather than for reading. Its object is thus stated in the opening paragraph of the preface:

> This book is an attempt to define the limits within which the governments of the several States and of the United States may secure freedom of trade by control of the persons and things engaged therein, and to indicate the respective powers of the three departments of the Government in the exercise of such control. The relation of the three departments of the Government of the United States to one another and to those of the State governments in the control of inter-State commerce and of corporations is set forth with references to over two thousand cases involving questions of constitutional law.

The book will be of value to the lawyer engaged in railway or other forms of corporate law; to the legislator who is asked to deal with this general subject; to the journalist who is called upon to instruct his readers respecting pending legislation; and to officials of great corporations whose sins against the law are sometimes sins of ignorance, not of willfulness. But the lay reader will find it not only heavy but intricate reading, and will legitimately desire some one to interpret it to him. Some of the author's statements are somewhat surprising—we do not say that they are not justified; for instance (we quote from the table of contents, which is full and admirably arranged):

> Under the Constitution of the United States the power of the Nation to protect rights is less restricted than under the unwritten British Constitution—The power to regulate commerce.
>
> Municipal corporations existed before the States.
>
> Under the Constitution commerce knows no State lines.

Mr. Hendrick stands for the supremacy of the Nation, for a liberal construction of the Constitution, and for the doctrine that the rights and welfare of the public are not to be subordinated to private and privileged interests. In the main The Outlook is in sympathy with the spirit of the book, while on certain questions we are inclined to take issue with the author. But to go into details would take us beyond the limits of this notice. (The Power to Regulate Corporations and Commerce. By Frank Hendrick. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4, net.)

S. H. Hadley and His Work

A second edition of this remarkable story of rescue work, by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, is a timely reminder that, as The Outlook said of a similar book, "Down in Water Street," the power of faith to awaken and change men, strengthen their wills and purify their lives, is fully exemplified in these simple and moving narratives. For twenty years Mr. Hadley devoted himself, heart and soul, to the reclamation of drunkards and outcasts. His power came from a double source, the divine life within him and an unwearying patience which was expressed in his own words, "If a man cheats me nineteen times, I shame him by trusting him the twentieth." His method was successful, as was proved during his life, and emphasized after his death by the presence and testimony of many men at the funeral and memorial services. He was truly a friend of sinners; he felt their infirmities, and, by steadfast belief in the divine spark in the lowest of men, he helped hundreds to begin the life he had himself proved possible by the grace of God. (S. H. Hadley, of Water Street. By J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Second Edition. $1.25, net.)

A Sociological Source-Book

Thus one may fairly characterize Professor Giddings's recent volume of "Readings" in sociology—mainly illustrative of sociological theory as given in his preceding works, and also in part an expansion of that theory. Its framework is an elaborate outline of theory given in definitions and propositions. Its filling is composed of select readings illustrative of this, gathered from all times and from peoples in every stage of social development, as found in literature and laws, official records, legends, and newspapers. The framework of theory includes some additions to what the author has previously published, and the illustrative readings include many passages from his former works. A specimen will illustrate the method of the book. Take the theoretical statement, "Three great groups of public policies may be discovered. . . . Policies of Unity, Policies of Liberty, and Policies of Equality." In illustration of

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"policies of unity" are quoted the counsel of Haman in the Book of Esther, Plutarch's stories of Spartan discipline and of Pericles's treatment of troublesome elements in Athens, the legal penalties incurred in Saxon England by refusal to attend the *Gemot, i.e.*, court or assembly, and the Acts of Charles II. for uniformity of worship and for censorship of the press. For illustration of "policies of liberty and equality" the Ordinance of 1787 for the government of our Northwest Territory is given. Throughout the book runs a theory of social causation, not undirected by the "divinity that shapes our ends;" seeing that human evolution alone has proceeded at a diminishing cost to the individual, and that human society by creating personality converts evolution into progress toward a humanity that is still for us ideal. (Readings in Descriptive and Historical Sociology. Edited by Franklin H. Giddings, Ph.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.60.)

Some Successful Marriages The author of these twelve short stories has something to say. She writes with an originality which is the result of direct observation, and she is thoroughly modern in that she makes no use of literary types or conventional sentiment, but presents life as she sees it. Because her point of view is very clearly defined, because she persistently unfolds and demonstrates one positive philosophy, the reader may be antagonistic, but he will be more than indifferently interested. Each of the stories is an analysis of married life; the book is a study of marriage as seen through the medium of many temperaments, under various kinds of pressure. First, the unrelenting realism of the stories strikes the mind as pessimism. But more and more a wholesome and rational principle appears, revealing new kinds of beauty and dignity in married love, dispelling dangerous illusions and offering something in their stead. The book is a part of that inroad into conventional and unreal sentiment which is a notable movement in modern thought. Its limitation is a lack of humor, which results in a self-conscious style from time to time, and leads one to suspect that the characters are not quite average—as they are intended to be—but ultra-introspective, thinking their way through difficulties that over and over should dissolve in fun. (Some Successful Marriages. By Abby Meguire Roach. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.)

The Stained Glass Lady This book is quite alluring with its warm, rich binding, and "The Stained Glass Lady," with her beautiful house and her faculty for make-believe, will please imaginative children just as she pleases the small boy in the story. (The Stained Glass Lady. By Blanche Elizabeth Wade. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2.50.)

Things Seen in Japan This is a small volume, but it contains admirably arranged and well-written accounts of much that is essential and characteristic in the home life, country life, and town life of Japan, together with thoughtful chapters on the future of Japan and the glamour of things Japanese. There are many photographic illustrations which have been chosen with discrimination in such a way as to bring out the meaning and purpose of the text while affording also pleasure to the æsthetic taste. (Things Seen in Japan. By Clive Holland. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 75 cents, net.)

The Undertow This is one of the innumerable novels based on a sentimental perception of right and wrong. The life-battle of the young Scotch clergyman lacks humor, common sense, reality; yet the writer is perfectly sincere in his attempt to reveal the higher qualities. (The Undertow: A Tale of Both Sides of the Sea. By Robert E. Knowles. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Von Blumers A quietly humorous semi-story of the courtship and married life of a couple of typical young Americans, who learn to accommodate their prejudices and their tempers to one another and to the conditions of life in suburban society. (The Von Blumers. By Tom Masson. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

With Wild Animals The author of these interesting talks about the ways of animals, wild and tame, the perils behind the scenes in animal shows, the curiosities of animal life, the methods of animal trainers, and other kindred topics, has had unusual opportunities to study the care, training, feeding, and conduct of wild animals in captivity, and has made good use of those opportunities. She writes with animation and directness, and her narrative is enlivened by many capital photographs. (Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals. By Ellen Velvin, F.Z.S. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $2, net.)

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Letters to The Outlook

THE POPE'S INFLUENCE ON ROMAN LIFE

Pius X. has given Rome as well as the world a surprise by the way he has broken over the traditions of the Vatican. As parish priest, Bishop, Cardinal, and Patriarch, he has been a simple Christian, doing his work faithfully, serving God and humanity devotedly with a single spirit; he knew nothing else. Politics and diplomacy never entered his life. Christ was all in all with him; the Church, the visible instrument through which the teachings of the Nazarene were to be ministered. Blessing in the name of the Master, and ministering to His children, fill the life of this man of sweet mind. The struggle in the Conclave over the election of a successor of Leo XIII. caused him to be called as a compromise to wear the white robes of the head of the Church. The blissful quietness of his loved Venice was taken from him, and he was placed in an environment that is most exclusive. His nature did not change, and, as much as possible, he remained a priest. Old rules as to access to the presence of the Pontiff were changed. He saw every one. He threw to the winds traditions; he thought not of diplomacy. "Feed the sheep" was his watchword, and more to him was the work of leading the people to the cross than all else. "He is a kind, good man" came to be said of him by all. The people of Rome soon began to feel that he was earnestly devoted to the world's spiritual welfare, that he wanted men to be religious for their own sake. They commenced to love him, and with that love came a religious and moral awakening that is plainly marked in the great city on the Tiber. The trend of the Roman populace to agnosticism is ceasing, and the spirit of Christ is beginning to more abound. The influence of the Pope's life is and has been a great leaven working toward the higher life. Such leaders should be blest by men for their work.

AMAZA THORNTON.

THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Two days before the issue of The Outlook containing Mrs. Candace Wheeler's article on "Trained Nurses in Turkey" was published, our new hospital was destroyed by fire. A statement of this bare fact can in no wise convey to others what this meant to us who had labored in the heat of a Constantinople summer to get the building in readiness for the first patients, nor to the sufferers who were eagerly awaiting the finishing touches to our building.

As I write you my mind cannot get away from one poor man who for weeks had been suffering horribly from a tumor in the abdomen. There are other places in Constantinople where he might have had good attention if he had not been so poor, but without home, money, or influence, his friends had found it practically impossible to get him into a hospital where an operation of this importance could have been carried out under modern methods. His wife came to me on the morning of the fire, and while standing in front of me burst out crying, saying, "Oh, Doctor! what shall we do now that the hospital is gone?" I did what I could to comfort her, and tried my best to get him into another hospital, but because of lack of funds was unable to do so, and if he is not dead now he is still in agony. I only mention this case as one of hundreds, or perhaps thousands, to give you some idea of the great need we are trying to fill in the Turkish Empire. The hospital was never in greater need of help than it is to-day. The fire has placed us in a position where we must invest fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in land at once, if we are to carry out the plans which we have been working so hard to make practical.

Mrs. Wheeler, in her article in The Outlook, gave a clear and detailed account of what we would have accomplished this year in a small way if we had not been stopped by the fire. A work of this sort cannot be given up, and if the people of America who are interested in world-wide humanitarian questions would only come to our aid at this time, it would be but a few months before our hospital and training-school could again open its doors to the sufferers of that land and the bright young women who are eagerly looking forward to the training course to give them the knowledge they need for going out to work among their own people.

Mr. Edwin H. Baker, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York, who is Treasurer for our institution, or Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., bankers, of 59 Wall Street, will receive and acknowledge any contributions which our friends feel able to send us at this time of our great need.

THOMAS S. CARRINGTON.

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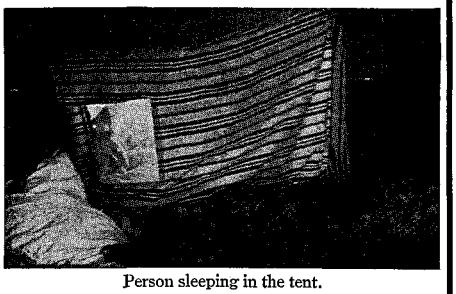
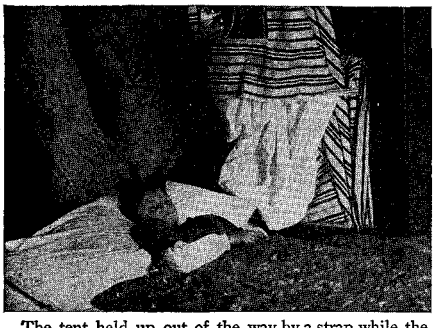
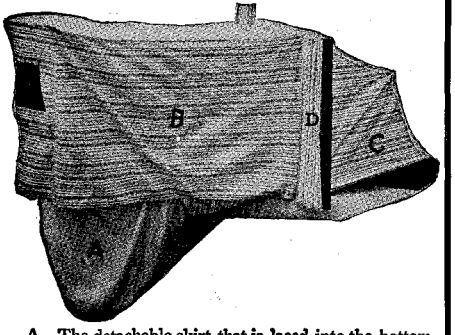
Taken from the outside, looking in through the window, with the tent awning up. It shows the person lying in bed with his head in the tent.



Person sleeping in the tent.



The tent held up out of the way by a strap while the person in the bed adjusts the clothing for sleeping.



A. The detachable skirt that is laced into the bottom of the tent and can be taken out and washed. At bottom is an opening through which the head goes.
B. Inside tent.
C. Outside awning.
D. Side extensions that fit between window stops.
E. The celluloid window in the end of the tent.

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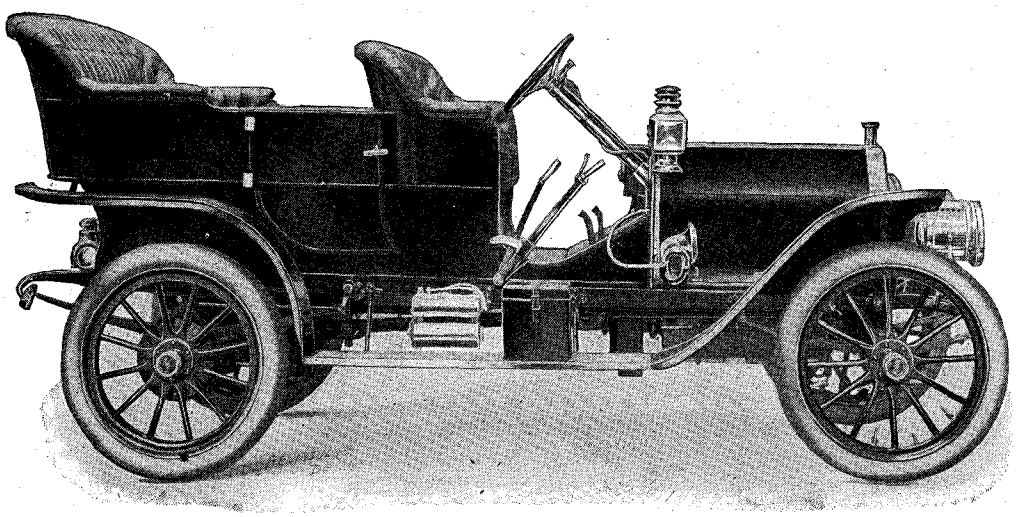

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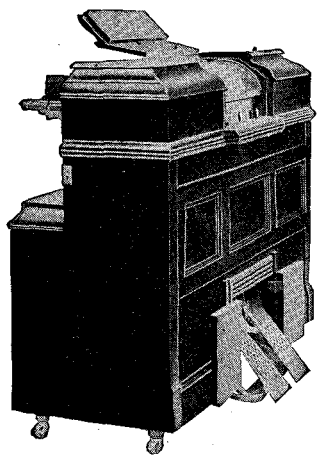
The Cecilian

Piano Player Mechanism with METAL PNEUMATICS



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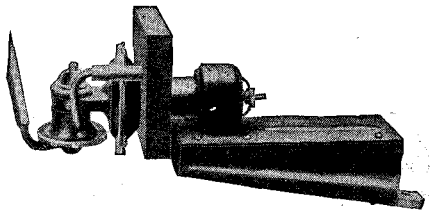

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That's the trouble with the wood and leather "pneumatics."

They are affected by the constant changes in the weather and can't do their work properly.

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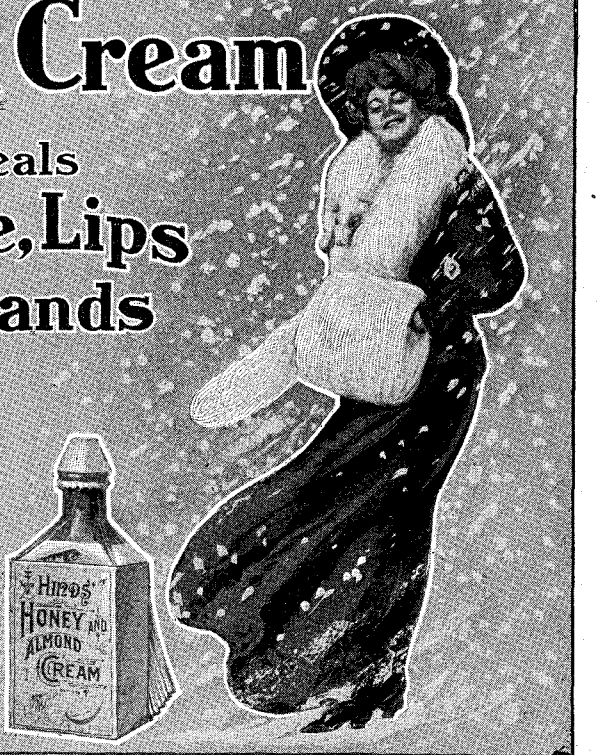

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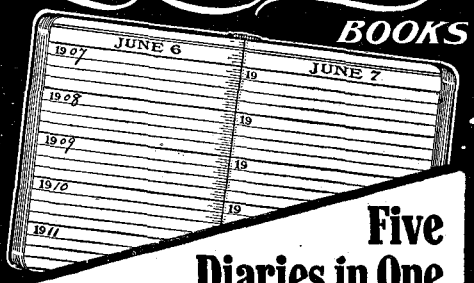

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